State Library

The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One Copy one year, ... $1.50
" " six months, ...75
" " three " 50

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXX. SALEM, N C, APRIL 20, 1882. NO. 16.

JOB PRINTING

THE PRESS JOB DEPARTMENT
Is supplied with all necessary material, and is fully prepared to do work with
NEATNESS, DISPATCH,
AND AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES

Be sure to give us a trial before contracting with anyone else.

Twilight.

I.
I've been roaming
In the gloaming
Of a mellow autumn eve;
Twilight lingers,
While its fingers,
Countless, boundless beauties weave.

II.
Day is dying,
Beautifying
In his death the land and lea;
Clouds in splendor
Shed their tender
Soul-subduing light on me.

III.
Night's descending,
Softly blending
Twilight glories with its own;
Till the shadows
In the meadows
To their fullest length have grown.

IV.
And this token,
Tho' unspoken,
Tells us that the day is dead;
Stars are peeping,
As if keeping
Silent watches round its bed.

V.
Tans the glimmer,
Dim and dimmer,
From our lives must pass away:
Till the morning,
In its dawning,
Ushers in another day.

VI.
May that morning,
When its dawning
Beams at last upon our eyes,
Be the waking,
Be the breaking
Of a day that never dies.

—*E. D. Snow.*

BEHIND MINERVA'S SHIELD.

Homer Ashton one autumn evening listened to stories of witches and ghosts told around him, and joined in them, until he felt an occasional shiver creeping down his back. Not that he believed in the supernatural, but the firelight into which he sat looking grew pleasanter to him than the corners of the great room, for lamps had been banished to accord with the subject under discussion, and it seemed that the shadows flickering behind the young people grouped about the grate of blazing coal were massive and weird, and that when one glanced at them sideways suddenly, there was something about them like ghostly visitors. When he faced them, to be sure, they were only ordinary shadows. Homer was ashamed of himself, he was afraid his nerves were unsteady, and resolved to test them. He knew a way to do it.

Near the place at which he was staying, an English country house, were the ruins of the older part of a castle said to have been built in the time of the Crusades. The whole castle was at present uninhabited, but the part which had been allowed to fall into hopeless decay was the width of the courtyard away from the rest of the house. Probably it had once been connected with it by buildings which had formed three sides of a hollow square, but if so it had been left out in the changes made at different times, and now it was roofless, the walls were crumbled, and the underground portion was all that made any pretense to a habitation, and offered a suitable home to the unearthly beings who were said to roam in it, for a dampness covered all the stones and the air had a deadly chill. But these facts seemed conclusions from the nature of things rather than the results of observation, for Homer could not find anybody who had explored it.

Ghosts ought really to be forgiven a good many faults, because they are in general so unselfish about selecting homes nobody else wants.

That evening, as Ashton connected the reports of the place itself with stories of sights and sounds around it, he found himself yielding so much to the influence of gossip that he determined to shake off the weakness and to try what stuff he was made of. He would stand in those haunted halls and summon the ghosts and see what would happen. He knew well enough that it would be nothing.

But he did not tell his plan to the others; he said merely that he was going for a walk to blow away this ghostly atmosphere by a little fresh air. Nobody volunteered to accompany him. night had never seemed more distasteful to them all. They only looked at each other significantly as he left them, and said:

"Another Americanism."

There is an unreasoning element in human nature which assumes every individuality of a foreigner to be a national characteristic. Dr. Ashton, whom the son of the house had become acquainted with in London and brought home with him for a visit, was to his entertainers an epitome of America, and it must be confessed that at the end of a week they had come to have a good opinion of that country.

As Homer walked on rapidly he saw an occasional star in the sky, but it seemed as if he never could get out of the shadow of the trees, there were so many of them.

He soon came to the ruin, a mile away, opened the heavy gate and began to descend the long flight of steps leading into the corridors and rooms underground. What could the old place have been used for? Did monks come here for prayers and penances, or were these dungeons where captives taken in the petty warfare of those times felt the personal vengeance of their captors? He thought of the one described in "Ivanhoe," into which Isaac the Jew was thrown, damp, dark, hung with chains and shackles, and where in the ring of one set of fetters were two moldering human bones. It was no wonder, ghosts were said to haunt a place like that.

In the midst of these thoughts the gate he had left open swung to with a clang, shutting out earthly things behind him. Step by step he went down the stone stairs into blackness to which the night outside was twilight. Sometimes he seemed to hear a sound, but when he stopped to listen it was the beating of his heart. When he reached the foot of the stairs he still went on; every now and then his outstretched hands struck against a wall or pillar, for he was passing through an arched hall that ended in a narrow passage. He next entered what he thought must be a large room, for the air had an indefinable difference and the blackness seemed that of space instead of substance. As he stood there uncertain which way to move and the very echo of his footsteps ceased, the horror of darkness and silence which had been growing upon him reached its height. He tried to utter his challenge, but his dry lips would give forth no sound, an abyss of night seemed to swallow him up.

Suddenly he fancied he heard a movement, he thought that something like palpable blackness flitted about him. He turned to fly and took a few hurried steps in the direction of the entrance. Then he stopped. It was no ghostly presence that arrested him, but the iron hand of his resolution; he had come here to do a certain thing and was not to be cowed by a feeling which he would be ashamed to own to himself in the daylight. He faced about and went forward quickly a few steps.

"If there is any ghost let him now appear," he called loudly.

The dreary walls answered his cry with a dull reverberation.

With arms folded he stood a moment—the hardest thing of all to do—awaiting results. If there had not been a roar in his ears, if the beating of his heart had not made even his vision unsteady, he would have said that he heard subdued laughter, or moaning, it was impossible to tell which as the sound rolled toward him from the hollow sides, and that he saw something like a whiteness in the distance, while a sense of presence made him cold with horror.

He had done all he had resolved to do and was free now to get out of this dreadful place. He hurried toward the entrance, urged on by the unreasoning sense of pursuit that comes over one when he turns his back upon danger. All at once he lost his footing and lay at full length on the slippery floor; the shock, however, only jarred and bewildered him. As he put out his hands to rise he touched something from which he drew back instantly with a stifled exclamation; he thought it must be one of the reptiles likely to be crawling in this den. But he recollected that it was small and hard, perhaps it was a curious stone which would prove his night's excursion if the strangers he was with should be tempted to doubt it. After a little groping he found it again; it felt like a stone covered with slimy moisture, and putting it into his pocket he made his way out of the ruins as best he could.

When he returned to the house his friend was alone waiting for him, and sleepy, as Homer could see, consequently a trifle annoyed at being kept up so late. The guest said nothing that night of where he had been.

In his room he took out the stone. It was not a pebble or a piece of the pavement, as he had supposed, but an oval of grayish lava that had once been a brooch or part of a bracelet. As he cleaned it with his penknife and pocket-handkerchief he saw that the work upon it was beautiful; it was a figure of Minerva, the very folds in her tunic carefully cut, and, as he saw by his magnifying-glass, with a light tracery of carving on her hemlet and shield. On the opposite side, just under the shield, was the word "Violet."

It was evidently the owner's name, but who was she? Where did she live, and when? The pin, if it were a pin, had not lain in its last hiding-place long, he thought, it was not enough stained by the dampness, yet he was not sure about that. "Violet" might belong to a former generation or might have been sleeping the sleep of the just for a century. But suppose not, suppose she were a young lady beautiful as her name, wealthy and high-born? Well, what then?

Homer put out his light and went to bed, but not immediately to sleep. The affair seemed to promise an adventure; as such it would have been interesting to any young person. But Ashton, in addition to being barely twenty-five, had been obliged to make his way for the last ten years; for though he was of good family, Dame Fortune had started him in life with no more than one of her pennies, which, however, every time a man turns it, as in the legend, leaves a gold-piece in his hand.

The next morning but one a tall young man with dark hair and eyes and an expression amused, yet resolute, handed in his card at Grantham hall and asked to see its owner, Sir Gresham Laud.

"Dr. Homer Ashton," cried Sir Gresham, looking up from his letters displeased at the interruption. "Who's he? I don't know any such person. Beryl," to the servant, "what does he look like?"

"As well, Sir Gresham, only spryer."

"Oh, 'spryer,' is he? In his head or his heels, I wonder? Well, I suppose I must see what the fellow wants; one of those genteel sponges come to suck up as many pounds as I'll give to their deuced charities," he muttered. By which speech it is fair to conclude that Sir Gresham had been sponged in this way more than once.

But when Homer, who was admiring the view from the drawing-room window, turned and bowed as the baronet approached, Sir Gresham perceived nothing of the suppliant about him and began to doubt whether this elegant stranger did mean to make him a few pounds the poorer by his visit. He came forward and requested his visitor to be seated. Ashton spoke of the beauty of the country and Sir Gresham answered him, but at the moment curiosity was evidently his ruling passion.

"You are wondering why I came," said Homer. "Certainly it was not to tell you, what everybody knows, that this is the finest situation about here. But I have in my possession part of an ornament which, I believe, belongs to Miss Laud."

"You! What is it?"

Ashton bowed and smiled also, as he handed the other his discovery of the night but one before. "Does it belong to your daughter?" he said.

But Sir Gresham was too bewildered to answer him.

"That?' he cried. "Good heavens! that? Where did you find it? It's a clew."

"A clew to what?" cried Homer, eagerly. He felt on the brink of discovering how a lady's ornament could come in so strange a place.

But Sir Gresham was too excited by some suggestion awakened by the sight of the stone to have an idea of trying to satisfy any curiosity but his own.

"Where did you find it?" he repeated.

"Is it your daughter's?" returned Homer.

"Yes, it must be hers," and remembering at last to thank the young man for returning it, he stood with the stone in his hand waiting impatiently for a full account of its recovery.

"Does Sir Gresham Laud suppose that I came here for the purpose of telling a midnight adventure to him?" thought Homer, as a look of amusement flitted across his face. "If you will be so kind," he answered, suavely, "as to ask Miss Laud if she will do me the favor to identify her ornament, I shall be most happy to tell you, and her if she cares to know, how I came by it."

Sir Gresham hesitated only an instant. "Assuredly," he said, and sent for his daughter.

The young man's heart beat faster at the sound of light steps behind him. Suppose Violet were plain and heavy-looking, yet suppose—he turned hastily, but not too soon for the beautiful face that was coming toward him. "She was named for her eyes," thought Homer; and there was something else he thought, too, that could no more than this be spoken at the moment. She greeted him with a simplicity that charmed him; but when she saw the medallion in her father's hand she cried:

"Oh, papa, my bracelet-clasp; where did you get it? Have they found out the robbers?"

Homer's eyes opened wide at her words.

"Robbers?" he repeated. "That's it, then? Perhaps I really did hear and see something after all." And after a moment in which three people stood facing each other with looks of inquiry he began an account of his expedition to the ruin. He was truthful in every detail, yet the story sounded remarkably well as he told it, watching Violet's face and seeing her shiver and grow pale in imagining the blackness of the old cellars. If she would but "love him for the dangers he had passed;" he knew nothing of wars to be sure, except of personal struggles with misfortune, out of place to be told here, yet having left their mark upon him in a consciousness of power to dare and conquer adverse circumstances.

"I've no doubt they carried their booty there," exclaimed Sir Gresham, his thoughts still in the ruins an infinite distance behind the young man's winged fancy and supplementing the narrative which Ashton had just finished. While Violet was listening to her father's account of a daring burglary committed the winter before while the family were in the house, Ashton had an opportunity to study her face more critically, or, rather, more admiringly. It was possible he did not drop all the admiration out of his expression as from time to time she turned to him to explain more fully something that her father was saying.

"I've no doubt the villains bring their booty miles to hide it in the ruin," said Sir Gresham. "This medallion was the clasp of a heavy gold bracelet. It was given to my daughter by a friend and she is much obliged to you, I am sure, for finding it."

"Indeed I am," said Violet, coloring a little as she spoke

"It is I who am under obligation to fate," answered Homer; "I have found something that Miss Laud values."

"The rest of the bracelet has been melted down long ago," pursued Sir Gresham. "That place ought to be searched."

"Yes," said Homer; "when will you do it?"

The baronet looked somewhat taken aback at this energetic suggestion.

"No doubt," he answered, "and perhaps, Dr. Ashton, you would like to be one of the party if I go with some of my neighbors? I suppose it ought to be done as soon as possible—within a day or two," he went on, as the other assented, "lest they should take alarm at your intrusion upon them. When should you advise going?"

"This moment," cried Homer. "It's a wonder that we Americans have any grass in our country," he added, smiling, "we are so averse to letting it grow under our feet."

He met Violet's eyes as he finished, and read in them an admiration and interest. In another moment she had turned away on some trifling pretext, but, undoubtedly, she was blushing. How was Homer to know that she had once declared she would marry the man who brought her back her bracelet clasp? That, however, was when she was quite sure it would never be found.

"Not until after luncheon, papa, will you?" she said. "You'd better not take Dr. Ashton until after that."

Several years later, when the medallion had led to more than the finding of stores of plunder in the old ruins which a gang of thieves had taken care to make appear haunted, Homer Ashton, a physician of high standing, was living in a large American city. A schoolmate whom he had not met for years said to him one day at dinner as they were talking of marriages and deaths among their comrades:

"By the way, Ashton, you never told me where you first met your wife. I only know that it was in England."

Homer laughed.

"I first met her," he said, "behind Minerva's shield. Did I not, Violet?"

—*Our Continent.*

Fishing Extraordinary.

Mr. P. W. Norris, superintendent of the Yellowstone National park, in his annual report quotes the following fish story from his journal of June 3: "Wishing a supply of trout for our men in the Gardiner canon, Rowland, Cutler and myself rode to Trout lake, and after pacing around and sketching it, with brush and sods I slightly obstructed its inlet near the mouth. Within eight minutes thereafter the boys had driven down so many trout that we had upon the bank all that were desired, and the obstruction was removed, allowing the water to run off, and in three minutes thereafter we counted out eighty-two of them, from ten to twenty-six inches in length. Of these forty-two of the larger ones, aggregating over 100 pounds, were retained for use, thirty of the smaller ones returned to the lake unharmed, and the remaining ten were, together with a fine supply of spawn, distributed in Longfellow's and other adjacent ponds, which, although as large, and some of them apparently as favorable for fish as the lake, were wholly destitute of them." Mr. Norris adds that his men declared it was not a good morning for trout, but that the story is as big a one as he dares to publish.

There is a new process of raising fish where the eggs are placed in large glass jars which are constantly fed with streams of fresh water conveyed through rubber tubes. By this method it is estimated that ninety-five per cent. of the eggs can be hatched. In two hatcheries at Toledo and Sandusky, Ohio, 50,000,000 white fish fry have been raised this season.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The gastric juice of dogs is always strongly acid.

Artificial vanilla can be made from the sap of the pine tree.

Granulated sugar is adulterated with ultramarine, sulphate of tin and alum.

The friction of a belt is claimed to be double as much on wood as it is on iron.

M. de Quatrefages recommends permanganate of potash as an antidote for snake poison.

Where the tide moves in all at once from the ocean the phenomenon is called an eagre or bore.

Silver is the most perfect reflecting metal, absorbing less than three per cent. of the rays of light.

Gold is nineteen, mercury thirteen and lead eleven times heavier than the same proportion of water.

Russia claims to have phosphate deposits large enough to fertilize all Europe for an indefinite period.

The *Journal of Science* says: "Mr. C. E. Varley, the eminent physicist, has patented an improved divining rod for ascertaining the presence of metallic veins underground."

From observations covering a period of three years M. Feye, of Detmold, found that lightning struck annually 25.7 oaks, 4.7 beeches, 1.3 other large leaved trees, and 11.3 conifers.

The Victim of Charity.

It was at a church fair, and he had come there at the special request of his "cousin," who was at the head of the flower table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and, grabbing him by the arm, said:

"Oh! you must, you will take a chance in our cake. Come right over here. This way."

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that he "Really didn't have the pleasure of knowing—"

"Oh! that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come! the cake will all be taken if you don't hurry." And she almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables. "There, now—only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a gold ring. You had better take three or four slices; it will increase your chances, you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake; that is, I haven't any use for the ring—I—"

"Ah, that will be ever so nice," said the young lady, "for now if you get the ring you can give it back and we'll put it in another cake."

"Y-e-e-s," said the young man, with a sickly smile. "To be sure, but—"

"Oh, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady," smiling sweetly. "You know you promised!"

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that; but you will take just one slice!" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose"—

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately gloved hands, as he handed her a $1 bill. Oh, that is too nice," added the young lady, as she plastered another piece of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at last two chances," and his $1 bill disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: "Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"Oh, does he? Send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you're mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about—"

"Oh, but you will," said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes locked soulfully into his. "Here we are Now take an envelope; open it. There! you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents, please." This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact change.

"Oh, I should just like to have my fortune told. May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may, my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes. "Oh, dear, you are going to be married this year, too. Seventy-five cents more, please," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note. "No change here, you know," added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"Oh, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was he found himself standing on the platform of the scales. One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "Oh, how I would like to be a great, heavy man, like you," and she jumped on the scales like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What!" said the youth, "one dollar? Isn't that pretty steep? I mean, I—"

"Oh, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity," and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement at —"

"Oh, but first you must buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of the flower-table.

"Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's "cousin" from behind the flower-counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggle, too. Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twelve dollars, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused and much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go; I have—"

"Here, let me pin this in your buttonhole," interrupted his "cousin." "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if I ever visit another fair, may I be blamed!" he ejaculated, as he counted even his cash to see if he had the car-fare to ride home.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Farmer.

Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendor and state,
I envy them not, I declare it
I eat my own lamb,
My chickens and ham,
I shear my own fleece, and I wear it;
I have lawns, I have bowers,
I have fruits, I have flowers,
The lark is my morning alarmer:
So, jolly boys, now
Here's God speed the plow.
Long life and success to the farmer!

Location of a Poultry Farm.

Poultry breeding has advanced so rapidly from the condition of an experiment, carried on in places few and far between and in the quietest manner, to a business known the length and breadth of the country, and affording employment as well as pleasure to thousands of people, that the question of how it is to be systematized is one of the greatest importance.

The foremost consideration is naturally the location of the farm. It is an impression as widely spread as it is groundless that the best place for operations of this nature is some barren spot too poor to be used for any other purposes. This is a mistake of the very worst kind, and of itself is cause enough for the failure of the whole undertaking.

The soil of the poultry farm is one of the most important subjects, and should be the first considered. It is not enough that the land should be well drained and have a suitable exposure to the sun, while it is sheltered from the attacks of chilly storms—it must also be arable.

To utilize the manure from the large number of hens which will naturally be kept on such a place, it must have a certain amount of cultivation. Were it possible to dispose of this fertilizing material at its value without conveying it a distance to a market at considerable expense, it would be by far the best plan to not attempt to mix the labors of a farmer with those of a poultryman. But it is rarely the case that railroad or other facilities for selling are to be found conveniently near a fairly low-priced piece of arable land.

We must, then, make arrangements for utilizing this product upon the farm itself, in a way to supply the wants of our stock as nearly as possible. Naturally we shall seek for those grains and vegetables which are at once most easily grown and best adapted to our wants. Corn, which plays such an important part in the list of provisions, will occupy a leading place, and all the roots which go to make up the green food so necessary to every flock must be cultivated liberally.

Soil which must be made to turn out the crops we have mentioned cannot be of the wretched character generally thought good enough for the purpose. Land may be waste in the sense that it is unbroken, and is simply used for pasturage, and yet be suitable, but an incorrigible sand or poverty-stricken gravel can never be the best field for poultry farming, because the manure of the poultry cannot be economically applied to such a soil.—*World.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Ordinary stable manure contains upward of seventy per cent. of water.

Blood and refuse meat rubbed upon the trunks of trees will keep away mice and rabbits.

Hoof and horn shavings contain more than twenty-five times as much nitrogen as is contained in average stable manure.

The milking qualities of swine are as transmissible by careful breeding as in the case of cows, and probably will receive more attention hereafter.

Anybody can have grapevines by cutting them properly. Trim off a portion of the old vine and leave a bud at each end. Stick one end in the ground and it will take root.

Blue grass is somewhat delicate when very young, but after it gets a good hold it usurps the soil, cleaning out all other grasses. It should not be pastured the first season.

Professor Riley thinks that immunity from the ravages of the Hessian fly may be expected for several years, as the heat and drought of last summer killed large numbers of them.

The dead bark from the trunks and larger limbs of trees is best removed during a thaw. A wash of whale oil or soft soap applied with a brush gives a smooth, healthy appearance.

One cow well fed and comfortably cared for will produce quite as much milk and butter as two that are allowed to run at large, lie on the wet ground and be subject to the exposure of the weather.

An application of 100 pounds of nitrate of soda to an acre of wheat, where the crop looks weak, will show its benefit in a few days, not only improving it in growth but largely increasing the yield.

It is commonly stated that superphosphates, potash salts and other similar materials are more effective when used together than when applied separately. Certainly complete fertilizers are more efficient than partial fertilizers.

The sow should be fed but little corn during the last two months of her pregnancy. Her diet should avoid that which is so heating and fattening. Oats, bran, middlings and beets are a great deal better than the everlasting corn diet of the West.

If you begin pruning fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery while young, and follow it up each year, you can form just such a top as you want. If your tree needs spreading out, cut the young shoots off just above a bud on the outside of a shoot; and if you want to train upward, leave a bud on the upper side of the limb where you cut it off.

Recipes.

Apple Float.—Pare and core twelve large green apples, boil or bake in as little water as possible and press through a fine hair sieve when cold; sweeten to taste, add the whites of two eggs well beaten, and then beat the whole together until stiff. Grate nutmeg over it. To be eaten with cream.

Cooking Turnips.—A lady writes: My favorite method of cooking rutabagas is to boil them, previously sliced quite thin, and when done drain off the water and chop fine with a knife, seasoning with salt, pepper, butter and vinegar. A friend chops hers before boiling, but I prefer my own method, it being so much more quickly done.

Lemon Cheese Cakes.—Take two ounces of butter, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, the grated rinds and juice of two lemons, and two stale Savoy biscuits (or hard crackers of any kind), also finely grated. Mix all together and then simmer over the fire for a few minutes in a saucepan. Have ready some patty pans, lined with puff paste. Put a very small quantity of the mixture into each, and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes in rather a quick oven. This quantity will make about one dozen and a half cheese cakes.

Household Hints.

Hot irons should never be used for embroidery.

In beating butter always take the back of your spoon.

A thin coat of varnish applied to straw matting will make it much more durable and keep the matting fresh and new.

Filling a lamp when it is lighted is something that ought never to be done. It can be avoided by filling it in the morning.

A Chinaman's Funeral.

The funeral cortege was formed at the undertaker's rooms, where a large number of Chinamen gathered shortly before 2 P. M. to pay their last respects. The remains were exposed to view for the last time. Chung was dressed in his best frock, trousers, white stockings and soft sandals, and had on even the broad-brimmed soft black felt hat which his people are so fond of wearing. The remains were inclosed in a rosewood casket, surmounted with silver handles. On the plate were inscribed in Chinese hieroglyphics his name and the fact that he was thirty years old. When the lid was closed the mourners became quite cheerful and chatty, and in a very short space of time a score of Celestials were ensconced in four hacks and followed the corpse to Mt. Hope cemetery. The cortege went at a lively jog, the mourners dropping along the streets little bits of paper of various colors all bearing Chinese characters. The pieces of paper are supposed to bear implicit directions showing the way the deceased should reach heaven, as well as prayers for Chung's safety. The cemetery was reached with little delay, and the mourners were soon kneeling around the grave. The burial rites were then begun, and consisted in the burning of a basketful of paper, of all colors, in the bottom of the grave. On these papers were printed further instructions and prayers for the guidance and safety of Tung Chung on his celestial journey. The body was soon lowered and the casket sprinkled with rice water. The mourners then carried lighted tapers of paper, during which the grave was filled in. The mound formed to mark the spot where Chung lay was decorated with little sticks resembling miniature rockets, and these were soon lighted. They were placed around the grave with the purpose of affording Chung candle light should darkness overtake him on his journey to the spirit land. The mourners continued to burn papers, and built a fire at the foot of the grave, on which they placed chickens, pork and rice, to be used by Chung, should he get hungry. Wine was also placed at the grave, so that, at all events, Chung should not suffer from thirst. These ceremonies concluded the mourners returned to the carriages and were driven to their respective wash-shops. The remains of Tung Chung will be disinterred in a few years, and what may then remain of him will be subjected to the boiling process at the Harvard Medical school. The bones, after being dried and scraped, will be surrendered to his associates here and by them sent to China.—*Boston Herald.*

A Bear Festival.

On arriving at the scene of the ceremony the visitor found about thirty persons, chiefly residents of the place, assembled and dressed in their gala costumes, which consisted chiefly of old Japanese brocaded garments. From the commencement to the end sake played almost as prominent a part as the bear himself. The guests sat around the fireplace in the center of the host's hut, and an offering was first made to the god of fire. This was done in this wise: The Ainos, who were all seated, raised their left hands, holding a drinking vessel to their foreheads, while the palm of the right was also elevated slightly. A small stick lying across the cup was then dipped in the sake and the contents sprinkled on the floor to the fire god, the stick being then waved three or four times over the cup. A formula was uttered by each person present and the sake drank in long draughts, the stick being meanwhile employed in holding up the mustache. A similar ceremony then took place in front of the bear's cage. This was followed by a dance around the cage by the women and girls. Offerings of drink were then made as before to other gods, and finally the bear was taken out of his cage by three young men specially selected for the purpose. The animal was killed by pressing the throat firmly against a large block of wood. The body was then cleaned and placed neatly on a mat, food and drink being laid before it, and ornaments of various kinds being placed on its ears, mouth, etc. Mats were spread around the bears, the guests took their seats on them, and the drinking commenced. This continued for some time, until the Ainos sank in a state of helpless intoxication on their mats. The women in another part of the village mean time amused themselves with various dances, which Dr. Scheube describes at length. The following day, as a rule, the debauch is continued. The body of the bear is then cut up in such a manner that the hide remains attached to the head. The blood was collected in vessels and drank by the men. The liver was cut out and eaten raw. The rest of the flesh was distributed among the partakers of the feast. The writer states that, although hardened in a certain sense to the sight of blood, he could not look without horror on the sight of the drunken crowd, with their faces and bodies smeared with blood. The skull of the bear, stuffed with charms, is placed in a sacred place on the east side of the house, and the mouth is filled with bamboo leaves. It is then always preserved and venerated as a sacred object.—*Nature.*

What is the difference between a new policeman and an old hat? One is sworn in and the other's worn out.

Origin of Popular Sayings.

"To beard the lion in his den."—Scott, "Marmion."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—Keats, "Endymion."

"Counting chickens ere they're hatched."—Butler, "Hudibras."

"Boz."—A pseudonym under which Charles Dickens contributed a serious of "Sketches of Life and Character" to the London *Morning Chronicle.*

"John Chinaman."—A cant or popular name for the Chinese. The earliest known instance of its use is in "A Letter to the Committee of Management of Drury Lane Theater, London, 1819."

"Am I not a man and a brother?"—From a medallion by Wedgwood (1768), representing a negro in chains, with one knee on the ground, and both hands lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as a characteristic seal by the Anti-Slavery society of London.

Blue Stocking.—Applied to a literary lady. The Society de la Calza (stocking) was formed at Venice in 1500, the members being distinguished by the color of their stockings, blue. The society lasted till 1590, when some other symbol came into fashion.

"Before you can say Jack Robinson."—This current phrase is derived from a humorous song, by Hudson, a tobacconist, in Shoe lane, London. He was a professional song-writer and vocalist, who used to be engaged to sing at supper-rooms and theatrical houses.

"The guard dies, but never surrenders."—This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of mots, two days after the battle.

"Defend me from my friends."—The French Ana assign to Morechal Villars, taking leave of Louis XIV., this aphorism: "Defend me from my friend; I can defend myself from my enemies."

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend,
—*Canning, The New Morality.*

"Where the shoe pinches."—Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. "This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded: 'Was she not chaste? Was she not fair?'—holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made. 'Yet,' added he, 'none of you can tell where it pinches me.'"

"Catching a Tartar."—Signifying the encountering of an opponent of unexpected strength. The story of the origin of the expression is as follows: In a battle an Irishman called out to his officer, "I have caught a Tartar." "Bring him here, then," was the reply. "He won't let me," rejoined Pat. And as the Turk carried off his captor, the saying passed into a proverb.

"A Rowland for an Oliver."—These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers, and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers that from then arose that saying, amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another.—*Thomas Warburton.*

"Star actor."—The late Mademoiselle Marie Taglioni, who retired from the stage in the year 1847, almost in the zenith of her glory, and who died Countess Gilberte de Voisins, is said to have coined the word star in a theatrical sense, for, about to be billed with two other premiere dansenses, she desired to use some term to particularly distinguish her and selected the word "star," since so commonly adopted.

"Bravest of the brave."—A title conferred upon the celebrated Marshal Ney (1769-1815) by the French troops at Friedland (1807) on account of his fearless bravery. He was in command of the right wing, which bore the brunt of the battle, and stormed the town. Napoleon, as he watched him passing unterrified through a shower of balls, exclaimed: "That man is a lion;" and henceforth the army styled him "Le Brave des Braves."

The Romance of a Life.

Jane McManus, better known as "Santiago," recently died at St. Mary's hospital. During her last illness this woman was dependent on the charity of her neighbors for the bare necessaries of life, yet she was once the possessor of an independent fortune. Her husband was James McManus, a sugar and coffee planter of Venezuela. At the time she married him he owned two plantations at Caracoas and there the couple lived in luxury for years. During an outbreak of the natives the troops of the government overran the coffee plantation and destroyed the entire property, entailing a great loss on the proprietor. For this destruction he entered claims against the government, but before his death compromised for a consideration of forty dollars per month. Of this money neither he nor, after his death, his widow received a cent. After the death of Mr. McManus his widow sold their sugar plantation and received for it about $2,000,000. She was shortly afterward robbed of this money, she said, and came to the United States dependent for a living on a small pension which she received from her husband, who had served in the Mexican war. She made repeated applications to the Venezuela government for the settlement of her claims, through her attorneys here and the American consul at Venezuela. There are in her attorneys' hands her husband's will, leaving everything to her, and a number of letters from the Venezuelan and American consuls and from Earl Granville. Her claims have received a partial acknowledgment, and her attorneys are confident of success.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Rhyming Governor.

A newspaper man, commenting on the apt quotations of Governor Long, of Massachusetts, in his proclamations, last fall from one of Whittier's poems and this spring from the Scriptures, recalls an official communication in original rhyme made by Jonathan Jennings, the first governor of Indiana, which is perhaps the only thing of the kind on record. Indiana wanted some guns and ammunition, and the governor sent to John C. Calhoun, then secretary of war, this:

Dear, good John C.,
I send to thee
For three great guns and trimmings.
Pray send them to hand,
Or you'll be damned,
By order of Jonathan Jennings.
Governor of Indiana.

The number of national banks in the United States is 2,163.

'I Have Sinned and I Have Suffered."

The first line in the following is the refrain of an unwritten poem recited to a friend by John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," just before his death in Algiers:

I have sinned and I have suffered,
Yet the world will never know
How I tried to do my duty
In the long, the long ag

I have sinned and I have suffered—
Human nature is so weak—
Yet my tongue cannot be tempted
To disclose, betray or speak.

I have sinned and I have suffered,
Who has not, through blood and bone?
If there be a mortal living
Let him bravely cast the stone.

I have sinned and I have suffered
Just the same as other men,
But my heart cannot be conquered,
Nor the soul that burns within.

I have sinned and I have suffered,
Mournful memories come to me,
Yet beyond the clouds of sorrow
Rifts of sunshine I can see.

I have sinned and I have suffered,
He can sink and he can save
All the human hearts that wander
To the cold and silent grave.

—*Washington Republican.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I cannot account for it!" exclaimed the defaulting bank cashier.

Wooden shoes, especially those made of oak, are said to produce acorn.

Bimmelbammelbummel is one of the convenient words sometimes worked into verse by German rhymers.

Inquirer: "What is the most scarce American coin?" Don't know, sir, dollars are quite scarce enough.—*Boston Post.*

"Why does a donkey eat thistles?" asked a teacher of one of the largest boys in the class. "Because he is a donkey, I reckon," was the prompt reply.

Oscar Wilde does not admire the American onion. It so closely resembles a bulb of his dear lily that it brings tears to his eyes.—*New Haven Register.*

In youth my maiden aim
Was to change my maiden name,
And so I made an aim
At him, and won my game,
And changed and made a name.

—*The Judge.*

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth reflected a moment and then replied: "Ah, I see, and you have butted all your hair off."

Lord Y., whose popularity was not excessive in a certain Scotch town, having refused an importunate beggar, she renewed her application: "Now, my lord, if ye'd just gi' me ane little saxpence I could treat every friend ye have in the toon."—*Quiz.*

A lady who had been traveling in Italy was asked by a friend how she liked Venice. "Oh, very much indeed," was the reply. "I was unfortunate, however, to arrive there just at the time of a heavy flood, and we had to go about the streets in boats."

Glass balls and clay counterfeits have been successfully substituted for live pigeons at shooting matches. Now why cannot somebody bring forward equally merciful and efficacious proxies for the pugilists and baseball players? We congratulate the pigeons, but why should not this immunity be extended also to men?—*Boston Transcript.*

A news item says: "A soldier of Fort Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, caught 4,626 trout with hook and line during the year 1881, the largest weighing ten pounds." Verily, the life of a soldier is full of hardships. Just imagine what a fearful strain it was on the Idaho soldier's constitution to lie in that vigorous and wholesale manner.—*Norristown Herald.*

J. L. P.—"Would you like to publish in *Siftings*, a composition written by a boy on a mule?" We do not wish to encourage boys to write on mules, and therefore cannot use the manuscript. Boys should write at home on a slate, and when on a mule should give all their attention to steering the quadruped. Now, if you have anything written by a mule on a boy there would doubtless be something original in that, and we would gladly publish it.—*Texas Siftings.*

After Four Years.

The Philadelphia *Press* tells of the affecting way in which Mrs. Melville, wife of Engineer Melville, of the lost Jeannette, received the first letter from her husband after a silence of four years. Says the *Press*: Mrs. Melville, the wife of Lieutenant G. W. Melville, who went out as chief engineer of the Jeannette exploring party, yesterday at her home at Sharon Hill, near Philadelphia, received a letter from her husband. For four years the anxious mother and three little girls have been awaiting a letter from him. Yesterday morning Maud, who is about fifteen years of age, went, as she has thousands of times in over three years, to the postoffice to see if there was a letter. Mrs. Melville was seated at home sewing, and the other two girls were playing with their dolls. Suddenly one of the little ones said: "Why, mamma, something's the matter with Maud. I actually believe there's a letter from papa." Maud's feet did not appear to touch the ground. She broke through the gate like one pursued by some terrible phantom. With tears of joy streaming down her face and choking with sobs she threw herself at her mother's feet, dropping the letter and crying out: "Oh, mamma, at last! at last! it is from papa! Oh, it is from papa!" The mother tore

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1882.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1882.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its thirtieth (30th) volume on January 1st, 1882.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1882.

AGENTS WANTED!

—Book Agents, Postmasters, or any one engaged in canvassing, can make a fair profit by engaging in soliciting subscriptions for this paper. Address PEOPLE'S PRESS for particulars. None but reliable, energetic and honest agents need apply.

—The Republican Executive Committee met in Raleigh, Tuesday.

—Col. Armfield's speech on the revenue, in Congress, commanded marked attention.

—Senator Vance's speech, in New York on the doctrine of protection, is highly complimented by the New York papers.

—At *Home* and *Abroad* for the current month is a number to be proud of. Great taste is displayed in its typographical appearance, and the articles are all far above the average merit. The portraits of the Editors are said to be faithful likenesses.

—All parties doing business for which a special license tax is required by the United States, will have to pay the same for the ensuing year on or before the 30th of April. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has issued a circular, directing collectors to proceed to take the usual steps to issue special tax stamps for the ensuing year. The stamps for the coming year will be the same as those of last year, no change in rates, if made at this session of Congress, will probably not go into effect until May 1st, 1883.

A BUSINESS BOOK.—Mr. Peter M. Hale, formerly editor of the Raleigh *Observer*, who has for some time been in retirement, has not been idle, as we learn from exchanges on our table, but has been working up, in connection with Mr. Walter Clark, of Raleigh, a book designed to meet the every day wants of the business people of the State. The scope of the work is said to be very comprehensive, taking in and answering every question likely to interest administrators, executors, agents, commissioners, sheriffs, constables and the tranactions between private citizens. The rights of voters, the duties of judge of elections, questions relating to the property of women contemplating matrimony, &c.

—There is a report current about Raleigh that the question of an extra session of the Legislature is again being discussed, and it is thought will once more be submitted to the Governor's counsel. With the assurance from the "Washington caucus" that there was ample election machinery for electing the ninth congressman, we took position averse to an extra session, but the elaborate opinion of Attorney General Kenan, doubtless carefully prepared and well considered, says there is not, and as we have since stated, we are opposed to appealing to Congress for legislation on this subject, and however much we may regret the necessity, would rather see the Legislature convened then even tacitly aid and encourage federal centralization of power. We have already had too much of this.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—The Senate confirmed Wm. E. Chandler, as Secretary of the Navy, by a vote of 28 against 16. The Senate also confirmed Secretary Hunt as Minister to Russia. The President nominated George Money, Tennessee, to be Minister-resident and Consul-General to Bolivia; Wm. L. Scruggs, of Georgia, Minister-resident to the United States of Columbia; and the following postmasters: Temple C. Byrne, Terrell, Texas; Josephine Hopkins, Glen Allan, Va.; Samuel B. Lumpkin, Chester Court House, S. C.; James H. Houston, Mauntown, Ala.; Mrs. Sophronia McLemore, Lafayette, Ala; Jefferson Ballgood, Mecan, Miss. The Senate also confirmed J. R. Patridge, of Maryland, Minister to Peru; John H. Smyth, of North Carolina, Minister to Liberia: William Williams, of Indiana, Charge de Affairs to Paraguay and Uruguay; John Jay Knox, of Minnesota, Comptroller of the Currency; Commodore Pierce Crosby, Rear-Admiral; A. A. Semmes, Commodore. The comptroler of the Currency has authorized the Mechanics' National Bank of Knoxville, Tenn., with a capital of $100,000, to commence business.

—The House Committee on Education and Laber has ordered a bill drafted to appropriate $10,000,000 for schools throughout the United States in proportion to the prevailing illiteracy.

—How the hearts of a crowd swell and throb with pitiless hatred against the man who coughs during the performance at a theatre, when they know he is too stingy to invest twenty-five cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

—Overworked men and women, persons of sedentary habits, and others whose system needs recuperation, nerves toned, and muscles strengthened, should use Brown's Iron Bitters.

The Electoral Count Bill.

The electoral count bill passed the United States Senate Thursday last by a viva voce vote in practically the same form in which it was introduced by Senator Edmunds. It provides that the presidential electors of each State shall meet and give their votes on the second Monday in January next following their appointment at such places as the Legislatures of the States may direct: that each State, pursuant to its laws existing on the day fixed for the appointment of the electors, may determine prior to the meeting of the electors any controversy concerning the appointment of all or any of them; that such determination shall be conclusive evidence of their lawful title and shall govern in the count by Congress; that no electoral votes from any State from which only one return has been received shall be rejected except by the affirmative votes of the two houses; that if more than one return is received from a State, the votes of those electors who have been appointed by the lawful tribunal of the State shall be counted, and in the event of a question as to which of two or more of such State tribunals is the lawful tribunal, the votes of the electors appointed by that tribunal which the two houses, acting separately, shall decide to be the authorized one shall be counted; that in case of an undetermined contest between two or more sets of electors of a State, those votes shall be counted which the two houses, acting separately, shall decide to be the lawful electoral votes. The bill also provides that if the counting of the votes shall not have been completed before the fifth calender day next after the first joint meeting of the two houses, no recess shall be afterwards taken by either house until the counting is finished. The bill, it will be seen, seems to do all that is practically to do to secure to all the States the right to determine each for itself any dispute as to its vote.

The Chinese Bill.

The veto message discloses the following objections to the Chinese bill as passed by the two houses of Congress:

1. The time fixed in the bill—namely, twenty years—is "unreasonable." The language of the article I, that "laborers" shall not be absolutely prohibited from coming to the United States and that the "suspension shall be reasonable," as well as negotiations, indicate that a brief period was intended. Total prohibition of the immigration of Chinese laborers into the United States for twenty years would, in my opinion, be unreasonable and in violation of the meaning and intent of the treaty.

2. Inclusion of "skilled labor" in the bill is an addition to the words and intent of the treaty. It will operate with harshness upon a class of Chinese merchants entitled to admission to the United States under the terms of the treaty, as shoe merchants of China, the manufacture of the goods they sell at their places of business and to shut out the "skilled labor." It would practically shut them out as well, since it would prevent them from carrying on their business in this country. The laundryman who keeps his shop and has a small capital with which to prosecute his trade cannot, in any just sense, be included in this class of "laborers," and the merchant tailor comes in the same category.

3. The clauses of the bill relating to registration and passports are vexatious discrimination against the Chinese residents and immigrants, when article 2 provides explicitly that they shall be entitled to all the privileges conceded to subjects of the most favored nation. The execution of these provisions of the bill will cause irritation, and in case of loss of passport or certificate of registration, Chinese residents entitled to remain may be forcibly expelled from the country.

4. If it becomes a law, it will leave the impression in China that its government strangely misunderstood the character of the treaty or that Congress has violated some of its provisions, and this will tend to prejudice the intelligent classes against the United States Government and people, whom they now greatly admire and respect. There is no provision in the bill for transit across the United States of Chinese subjects, now residing in foreign countries. Large numbers of Chinese live in Cuba; Peru and other countries who cannot return home without crossing the territory of the United States or touching at San Francisco. To deny this privelege, it seems to me, is in violation of the international law and community of nations, and if the bill becomes a law, it will in this respect result in great hardship to many thousand innocent Chinese in foreign countries.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

—The case of the American suspects in Irish jails has now been so prominently brought before the attention of the government by the resolutions in the House and Senate that it can no longer be trifled with. The administration has been trifling with it shamefully, and Minister Lowell has been disgracefully truckling to British sentiment; not British sentiment, either, so much as the sentiment of the titled nabobs who make British's laws. The speech of Senator Vorhees in the Senate Friday is significant, and the language he uses is of that vigorous order that ordinary provocation would not inspire. The fact is this whole subject has been treated in a way which reflects no credit upon this country. Those imprisoned suspects are either guilty or not guilty. If there be any charge against them, that charge should be filed and the men should be tried. If guilty, they should be punished; if innocent, they should not be held in prison. While it is not desired nor claimed that this government should throw itself between its citizens and the law when they violate the law, it is desired and expected that it protect its citizens abroad, and that they be not thrown into prison at the command of an arbitrary power when innocent of offense; that justice be done them, and that they lie not helpless and answerless in foreign dungeons.—*Charlotte Observer.*

Necessity of Public Schools.

The education of every child in the United States is a public necessity. The people are the sovereign rulers, and no one unable to read, write and add, subtract, multiply and divide, can intelligently *rule* either himself or others. Whatever may be the abstract right, or the expediency, it seems an absurdity for a man to cast a ballot which he cannot read, or to vote for measures or laws which would be utterly incomprehensible to him if only written and placed before him. But this by the way. We have just examined statistics for 1881 by Hon. Neil Gilmour, Superintendent of Public Instruction for New York State. He reports over one million attendants at the public schools during the year.

To supply this education the people of one State cheerfully paid out nearly eleven million dollars during the year, besides expenses for academies and normal schools, and other large sums for private schools, seminaries, colleges, etc. And during the past thirty years some two hundred million dollars have been expended for the same purpose, while in only ten years past over sixteen million dollars have been expended on school buildings.

One-fiftieth of the entire population of the United States attended the public schools of New York during 1881. Notwithstanding the constant influx of the ignorant population from other lands, nearly 97 persons in every 100 in New York State over ten years of age, can read, and nearly 96 in every 100 can also write. Again, the teachers in 30,826 public schools in the single State of New York outnumbered the entire United States army, officers and men included. We give these figures from a single State, as a striking illustration.

Again:

In 1879, there were 272,685 teachers in the public schools of the United States, or more than *ten teachers* to *one soldier* in the regular army, and an aggregate expenditure of over seventy-eight million dollars. A startling fact here is, that this vast sum was only about one dollar for every seven spent for LIQUOR.

Isn't it about time for a change?

—Wayne Macveagh, at the annual meeting of the civil service reform Association at Philadelphia, says: "My party leaves me in this predicament: It has but three principles, and I find myself opposed to all three. Its first great principle is the spoils system; the second is opposition to civil service reform, and the third seems to consist of aggression in old Virginia and repudiation. The spoils system is corrupt. Then the boss is an operator; degradation; it goes from the gutter to the White House; it subsists on the spoils of office. The duty of this association, and of the country, is to supplant these bosses; until that is done your work will not be executed. You cannot pretend to be interested in the degrading spectacle of Mahoneism in Virginia—the deliberate prostitution of government powers to aid repudiation of a State's obligations. If we could charge that upon the Bourbon Democrats it would be some relief, but to our sorrow and humiliation, these things are doue in the name of the party of Abraham Lincoln. Instead of going forward, the Arthur administration makes a retrograde movement."

—The Norfolk *Landmark* well says; The Chinamen, in his instincts, in his birth and feelings, remains a Chinaman still, even should he remain a score of years and thrice over in this country. He desires to accumulate wealth, no matter how, is ever paramount, and too often is this done at the cost of the honest American laborer. Instead of casting his labor in the grand scale for the good of the place of his temporary abode, he sucks his lifeblood from any community in which he locates, in any considerable number. His longing eyes are ever turned to the "Flowery Kingdom," and his last will and testament is that his bones shall be carried back and buried there. He never assimilated with our people, and never will. He degrades the American, says Senator Curtin, and cannot, except under extraordinary circumstances, be induced to become a citizen of the United States. He will not yield allegiance to our government or accept our religious faith, language, or our morals. Yet in the face of all these facts, the President, the head of a great party which claims to be the champion of American labor and its protectors, struck at one blow its best interest. —*Goldsboro Messenger.*

The Political Horoscope.

American Protectionist.

Since the formation of the Congressional committees of the Democratic and Republican parties the members of each have been busily engaged in scanning the political situation for the impending struggle of controlling the next House. The increase of membership from 293 to 325 under the census of 1880 is apportioned by the new law at 17 to the Western States, 15 the Southern, 2 to the Middle States, and 1 to the State of Massachusetts, the States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont each losing one Representative. The Democrats are likely to control the entire 15 additional Representatives from the South, while the Republicans are not certain of electing more than fifteen out of the 17 additional Representatives. The gain of two members to the Middle States cannot be claimed by either party, but the Republican will doubtless add one member to the Massachusetts delegation.

It will require 163 votes to organize the next House; and should the Republicans hold their present strenght of 145, they will still require 19 additional members to retain their present control. The Democrats practically have 141 members, counting Democrats, Greenbackers and Independents, and they will need to hold their own and obtain an increase of 22 members to regain control of the House. They claim that they are in better condition than the Republicans, and with the increase of 15 members to the South will only need 7 more votes to constitute a majority. These 7 votes are looked for in Missouri, where four Greenbackers and one Republican may be replaced with Democrats; one in Kentucky, where the only Republican district has been changed by re-districting it into a Democratic strenghold; in California, where it is expected three members will be gained; and one in Oregon, with chances of increase in Tennessee, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana. The Republicans are not so hopeful as their adversaries, but propose to contest every inch of the political battle-field.

State Items.

—A negro woman in Onslow county is said to be seven feet two inches in height.

—There is a man in Wake county who has an Alderney cow that on last Friday gave birth to three calves.

—A turtle weighing 400 pounds and measuring six feet in length was caught at New Inlet, on the coast in this State.

—The Pittsboro *Record* fears that much damage has been done to the wheat and nearly all the peaches killed.

—About fifty thousand hills of watermelons were planted on Bogue Sound, Carteret county, last week. Dr. J. W. Saunders alone planted twenty thousand hills last Thursday.

—On Monday last certain sections of this county were visited by a storm of rain, hail and wind that surpassed in severity anything of the kind for many years. The storm was felt throughout the county, but in some places the early vegetables in the gardens are ruined, glass in the windows broken and the fences from the bottom rail scattered in every direction. So far we have heard of no person being killed, but accounts have come in stating that several have been bruised and injured. — *Tarboro Southerner.*

—The Lenoir *Topic* states that Mr. Elijah Green, of Watauga, aged 83 years, father-in-law of Sheriff McBride, went to a blacksmith shop near his house, last Friday morning, seized a hammer and dealt himself several blows on the head, exposing the skull. He then thrust a knife into his throat and when found was weltering in his blood. Dr. E. Roy Philips, of Boone, who dressed his wounds, thinks there is a possibility of his recovery. Mr. Green is believed to have been demented when he committed the suicidal act.

—A North Carolina paper tells this one: At a quarterly meeting, held at a certain point in this county, the elder (who by the way was a strong prohibitionist) called on the congregation for a contribution for some worthy purpose, and asked them to hold up as many fingers as they would give dolars. Some held up one, some two, and so on, but one man in the back part of the church held up a full five. The elder did not know him but shouted out: "Thank you, sir; may God bless and prosper you in your business." Just at this period some one present whispered to the elder that the gentleman who gave the V made a business of selling "pure rye." The elder wilted.

—The University Normal School of 1882 will begin June 15 next and continue five weeks. The Board of Education entrusted its organization to Superintendent Scarborough and President Battle. They have selected for its Superintendent Mr. Kemp P. Battle, Jr., Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Maryland, who has great experience and skill in the conduct of Normal Schools, and is distinguished for his vigor and tact in managing teachers institutes. Prof. Edward P. Moses, Principal of the graded school at Goldsboro, who has so ably carried that school to success, who likewise has had large experience and skill in the management of normal schools, will be associate superintendent. The other officers will be shortly made known to the public. It is determined to make this a normal school in every particular.—*Char. Observer.*

—A correspondent of the New York *Post* who recently visited Mariin county, in this State, and witnessed the work done by an English colony in the swamps and jungles of that county, states that the results which accrued from the reclaiming of some of the waste lands by the colony surpassed the most sanguine expectations. On a tract of some fifty acres, with a central drain or ditch eight feet deep and six feet wide, connected with drains surrounding each of the four-acre plots, were raised corn, millet, garden vegetables and fruits. Of corn fifty bushels to the acre were raised, and of millet five tons. Sweet potatoes weighing five pounds each were produced, and turnips, cabbages, beets and other vegetables in proportion, all without manure or special cultivation. The correspondent states that in a young orchard of apple, pear and peach trees, he saw an apple tree of six years' growth, whose trunk was as large as a man's leg, while one of the trophies is a pear, weighing eighteen ounces, the product of a tree only five years from the seeding. Strawberries and small fruits, including grapes, flourished luxuriantly.

Political Items.

There is considerable trouble in the Readjuster camp in Virginia, over the Congressional redistricting the State. Mahone has lots of trouble.

The independent movement in most of the Southern States has proved a failure. It is believed, though, there is plenty of time to hatch up trouble before November.

The Democrats of Missouri favor the calling of an extra session for re-districting the State.

An active prohibition campaign will be inaugurated in June next.

Pennsylvania Democrats seem confident that their opportunities for success this year are good.

The Wisconsin Congressional delegation are not pleased with the manner in which the State has been redistricted.

NEWSY PARAGRAPHS.

—President Arthur declines to take any action in the Fitz John Porter case.

—Several American Ministers have died in the South American Republics recently. The tropics do not agree with them.

—From April 1st until October 1st it is unlawful to kill, shoot, net or trap partridges, quail, doves, robins, wild turkeys and mocking-birds.

—The United States Senate refused to confirm Mr. W. E. Chandler as United States Solicitor when appointed by Garfield, but confirms his appointment as Secretary of the Navy.

—The Ford brothers, who killed Jesse James, the outlaw, pleaded guilty to an indictment for murder, and were sentenced to be hanged May 19th. They will probably be pardoned.

ATLANTA, GA., April 15.—Benjamin F. Johns, son of a well-to-do farmer in Gordon county, shot and killed Charlie Payne, a negro, at Calhoun, and has succeeded in escaping arrest.

—A. T. Stewart & Co., the great New York mercantile house, announce that they have determined to discontinue their dry goods and manufacturing business, and offer their stocks of merchandise and mill properties for sale.

—A number of German settlers in the Roanoke Valley, Virginia, having given a great impetus to the fruit growing business by their example, the farmers in Botetourt and Roanoke are setting out fruit trees by the thousand.

—Jumbo, the biggest tame elephant in the world, arrived in New York last week. The duty on him is $4000, but animals for breeding purposes are exempt from this duty, and Barnum says that is what he brought Jumbo over for.

Gov. Ludlow, of New Jersey, had backbone enough to veto the Bill No. 167, giving the river front of Jersey City to the railroad corporations of that State. The members of the Legislature had sense enough to sustain the veto, though the bill was passed by them.

—M. H. DeYoung, editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the leading Republican paper on the Pacific coast, says the veto of the Chinese bill will result in sending solid Democratic delegations to the next Congress from California, Oregon, Nevada, Colorado and Washington Territory.

—Judge Loomis, of Chicago, has refused to consider the petition of Mrs. Scoville for the appointment of a conservator for Guiteau, holding that he has no jurisdiction in a matter properly belonging to the Probate Court. A summons for Guiteau issued by the clerk of the court was quashed.

—The civilized Indians, according to Senator Ingalls, number 60,000, and they cultivate 600,000 acres of land, and raise 500,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000,000 bushels of corn, 70,000 horses, 400,000 cattle, 500,000 hogs, &c. They have 200 churches, and a legislature, a language and literature of their own. *Wm. Star.*

—The supply of coffee is said to be in excess of the demand, and the opening up of new plantations in Central America and Mexico promises to still further augment the product. On the whole, it looks as if the delightful berry is to be brought down to a more reasonable price and placed within the reach of all classes.

—John F. Slater, a wealthy citizen of Norwich, Connecticut, has devoted $1,000,000 as a fund to be used in the education of the colored people south, a board of trustees has been appointed, of which ex-President Hayes is named as first President. Gov. Colquitt, of Georgia, and Rev. Jas. P. Boyce, of Kentucky, are amodg the members of the board.

—A mass meeting of the New York Free Trade Club was held in New York on the night of the 14th inst., to advocate the repeal of the tax on raw materials and to reduce the duties on manufactured products. Speeches were made by F. P. Wheeler, Senator Vance and others. Resolutions were adopted approving the proposition of Representative Hewitt.

NEW IBERIA, LA., April 14.—There was general destruction by a violent storm from the northwest on the night of the 12th inst. Houses were torn to pieces and fences, provisions, forage, furniture, and everything previously saved from the floods, were destroyed. Great distress prevails, and immediate relief is needed. In Iberia parish at least 1,500 persons are left homless and without means of support or shelter.

—Dispatches from Petersburg, Leesburg, and Norfolk, Va., say that the frost and freeze of Tuesday night, (14th inst.,) evidently caused great injury to the fruit crop in those sections if the reports brought in from the country are to be relied upon. Apricots, pears, peaches, cherries, strawberries, snap-beans, potatoes, cucumbers, tomatoes and watermelons all suffered. The impression is that these fruits were pretty generally killed, though in isolated protected locations they may have escaped. The farmers were confident of one of the most abundant crops for many years, and they are correspondingly despondent over the loss.

—The bill which has passed both houses of the Ohio Legislature, and only awaits the concurrence of the House in a few trifling amendments to become a law, in regard to closing drinking places on Sunday, is creating considerable excitement in the cities of the Buckeye State. The bill closes all saloons and drinking places on Sunday, under heavy penalties and pain of imprisonment. The Germans are strongly opposed to it. It is conceded that should it become a law it will havs a disastrous effect on the Republican party in the cities, and that with this and the Pond liquor bill the Republicans can hardly expect to carry Ohio at the October election.

Scholarly Farmers.

That Washington was the Father of his country and her first President may be to some his chief distinction.

But these were not his chief glory. Washington, the Farmer, showed a nobility of manhood that may be lacking in a General or President.

Office is an accident, a burden that all are not afflicted with. But success in the noblest work of common manhood is an honor and glory to be coveted.

"Peace hath her victories no less than war. "The [illegible] and sturdy Cincinnatus for a moment left his plow and rescued Rome from invaders, but returned at once to his fields because the glory of the tiller of the soil outshines that of the most glittering monarch.

Farmers are virtually the *lords of creation.* They preside he genti over the production of our necessary food, grow the staff of life, hand "us this day our daily bread."

Men of every other secular business look unto the hand of the farmer. Railroad kings are his teamsters, merchants his agents, manufacturers his smiths, bankers his money chests, editors his letter writers, government officials his bailiffs and watchdogs. All these and more depend upon him, mourn when he mourns, smile when he smiles, and look to him for their portion of meat in due season. Verily he feeds from God's hand; they gather the crumbs that fall from his table. His output of golden grain is of far more value than many another's output of golden grains. The yearly cash value or Iowa's butter is greater than that of California's gold.

But he that hen-like merely scratches the earth content with "three kernels of corn" and a mess of pottage is no farmer. He alone is worthy of the name and honor who, with a good education, keen observation, sound judgment, strong will and economical habits, learns all about the capabilities of his farm and busily tends it as it brings forth.

They say the ruling passion at the West is to raise more corn to fat more hogs to get more money to buy more land to raise more corn to fat more hogs to get more money to buy more land to raise more corn and so on forever.

So we say the demand of God and our country is for more farmers with more education so they can raise more produce with more ease, so as to have more time to get more education so they can raise more produce, and so on forever and forever.

What the Girls should Gain.

By all means let the girls learn how to cook. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of house keeping, and she cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge herself. Most men marry without thinking whether the woman of his choice is capable of cooking a meal, and it is a pity he is shortsighted as his health, his cheerfulness, and indeed his success in life depend in a very great degree upon the kind of food he eats; in fact the whole household is influenced by their diet. Feed them on fried meats, fried cakes, hot bread and other indigestible viands, day after day, and they will need medicine to make them well. A man will take alcohol to counteract the evil effects of such food, and the wife and children must be physicked.

Let all the girls have a share in the housekeeping at home before they marry; let each superintend some department by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house has been properly swept, dusted and put in order, or to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading novels that enervate both mind and body and unfit them for every day life. Women do not as a general rule get pale faces by doing house work. Their sedentary habits in overheated rooms, combined with ill-chosen food, are to blame for ill-health. Our mothers used to pride themselves on their housekeeping and fine needlework. Why should not we?—*Baltimore Sun.*

Jeb Stuart's Last Fight.

John Esten Cooke in Philadelphia Weekly Times.

The battle had evidently reached the turning point and Stuart saw the desperate character of his situation. It was difficult to use his artillery in such a a melee of friend and foe, and his left wing was soon in utter disorder. The Federal attack had at last succeeded in breaking it to pieces: the men were scattering in every direction, and seeing Major Breathed near him Stuart shouted:

"Breathed! take command of all the mounted men in the road and hold it against whatever comes. If this road is lost we are gone!"

Such an order was precisely suited to the tastes of a man like Breathed. I was intimately acquainted with him and never knew a human being who took such sincere delight in desperate fighting. At Stuart's order Breathed saluted, and shouting to the men to follow him charged the Federal column, apparently careless whether he was followed or not. He was immediately surrounded and a hot sabre fight took place between him and his swarm of enemies. A sabre blow nearly cut him out of the saddle, and he received a pistol shot in his side, but he cut down one Federal officer, killed another with his revolver, and made his way out, his face streaming with blood. At this moment the artillery opened, but a determined charge was made on the guns, and all the pieces were captured but one. The driver of this piece lashed his horses and rushed the gun off towards the Chickahominy, followed by the cannoneers, cursing and shouting: "For God's sake, boys, let's go back; they've got Breathed!" It would have been better for the gun to have been captured. As it was whirling on at wild speed it broke through the cavalry, throwing them into disorder, and before the line was reformed the enemy struck it and the battle was ended. Both the Southern wings were driven, and there was no hope of continuing the contest, Stuart was nearly in despair, and was seen galloping about, shouting and waving his sabre in a desperate attempt to rally his men, but it was impossible. The field was a scene of the wildest disorder. Federals and Confederates were darting in every direction, and one of the former, as he darted by Stuart, fired at him and shot him through the body.

The bullet entered his side, and passing through the stomach inflicted a mortal wound. In its passage it just grazed a small Bible which he always carried, the gift of his mother. He reeled in the saddle and was caught by Captain Dorsey, of the First Virginia, and as he had closed his eyes he seemed about to expire on the field. His immense vitality, however, sustained him, and endeavoring to rise erect again in his saddle, he exclaimed to those around him:

"Go back and do your duty as I have done mine and our country will be safe!"

—Rheumatism, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880.

Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADORAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

How the Comet Speeds Towards the Earth.

PROFESSOR SHARPLESS THINKS THAT THIS IS ITS FIRST VISIT, AND TELLS ALL HE KNOWS ABOUT ITS APPEARANCE, ORBIT, AND RATE OF TRAVEL.

Some folks say that they can discern the Easter comet now without the aid of a glass. It appears to them like a glowing speck near bright, bluish Vega, in the northeastern heavens. Professor Sharpless, of Haverford College, laughed a little doubtingly perhaps the other day when a reporter for the Philadelphia *Times* spoke of these specially blessed observers. "They must have very sharp eyes indeed," he remarked. "The comet can be quite clearly seen, however, through a small telescope. The weather has been so unfavorable of late that we have not been making observations here at Haverford. We shall wait until the moon changes its position. It is near Vega now and lights up the sky so brightly as to make the comet appear dull and faded by comparison. The visitor will be clearly visible to the naked eye in about two weeks, and will remain so until the beginning of June. It will come into sight just after midnight and remain apparent until dawn. Just look to the northeast. If the time be about two o'clock in the morning you will see the heavenly visitor about half way up to the zenith. It will be in the constellation of Lyra, quite near Vega. And you won't miss Vega. It is the brightest star of the morning in that part of the sky. If the comet were as far away as the stars we should not be able to see it at all.

COMING TOWARD THE EARTH.

"The comet's course is about north northeast. The rate is say a degree a day."

"And how fast is that?"

"Calculating that the comet is about a hundred million miles away, which is about right, it is coming at nearly a million miles a day."

"Coming towards the earth?"

"Towards the earth."

"Then in a hundred days——"

"It won't come nearer than eighty million miles." This timely assurance enabled the reporter to recover his breath.

"Then," said the the Professor "it will go down into the Southern Hemisphere. It will be at its brightest there. The best views will be had in Australia and South America. It will fade rapidly to the unaided eye in the South, but they will be able to follow it with the telescope for months."

"Will it ever come back?"

"It's orbit has not been sufficiently determined to say. Indeed, it is too new to say anything about it. Most comets, however, are seen but once. They then go off wandering in space for millions and millions of miles, and perhaps they wear themselves out and fall to the earth in fragments, as a shower of meteors."

"Is this the new comet's first visit?"

"It appears to be so. The comet of 1812 is, according to the records, to return this or next year. This comet, however, is not it. Its appearance is different, though that might not be conclusive, as these bodies change in appearance; but the orbit is not the same and that settles the question. We may look for the comet of 1812 to follow this. This comet differs from telescopic comets generally in having a tail. As a rule, telescopic comets are only masses of light.

IT MUST BE A BIG ONE.

"The presence of the tail indicates that this comet is a pretty big one. The apparent length of the tail is about the diameter of the moon. In reality it is much larger, it is so much further away. The moon, you know, is only two hundred and forty thousand miles distant. Put that against a hundred millions. The indications are that this is a larger comet than that of last summer. We shall tell better later. It is not in the direction of the planets, out off in space of itself. Of course it rises and sets with the stars."

"This comet, then won't solve the last great question?"

"Burn up the world? No. Only the head of a comet contains solid matter. It is surrounded by a self-luminous atmosphere much like that of ordinary gas. We might pass through that atmosphere without being sensible of the fact. And the solid body? Well, the earth is so little there is but one chance in a million of its being struck. And suppose it were struck, only that part which should come in contact with the foreign body would be injured. But that is all speculation."

"And if it should crash into the sun."

"Well, if the force should be great, immense heat would be generated. But I do not believe it would affect us the least little bit. But this is only guessing at stupendous possibilities. There is not any reason to believe, as some imaginative persons do, that the presence of a comet has any appreciable effect upon the atmosphere, upon vegetation or our health, or that it affects our positive interests in any way."

Beauty Regained.

The beauty and color of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balsam, which is much admired for its perfume, cleanliness and dandruff eradicating properties.

How to Save.

All hard workers are subject to billious attacks which may end in a dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Tonic will keep the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack save much sickness, loss of time and expense. Delay at such times means danger.—*Detroit Press.* See other column.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

The Southern World
—AND—
The People's Press
FOR A WHOLE YEAR for $2.00.

We have recently made arrangements with the publishers of THE SOUTHERN WORLD, Atlanta, Ga., whereby we are enabled to offer that poplar Farm and Home Paper in combination with THE PEOPLE'S PRESS at $2.00 for both papers.

THE SOUTHERN WORLD is a large sixteen-page paper; printed twice a month, and thoroughly devoted to the advance of all Southern interests. Each number is handsomely illustrated, and the subscription price is $1.00 per year. Its Agricultural, Horticultural and LiveStock Departments are under the separate charge of editors of ability and experience. The cultivation of the beauty of home and the home relations is amply provided for. Each issue contains interesting stories, etc., for the entertainment of the home circle, and its Home Hints cover all phases of domestic economy; Household Recipes that have been fully tested; Fashion Notes, etc. Our Young Folks, marshalled by Aunt Fanny, form a happy company in every number. It is an instructive, bright, clean paper that will prove a welcome visitor in every household in the South.

Sample copies will be furnished free by addressing SOUTHERN WORLD, Atlanta, Georgia.

TO GET THE BENEFIT of this liberal arrangement for both papers, all subscriptions must be made to the PRESS, Salem, N. C., at $2.00, when you will receive the PRESS and THE SOUTHERN WORLD for a year.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use **Hop Bitters.**

If you are young and discretion or dissipation tried or single, old or poor health or languish hour, rely on **Hop Bitters.**

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take **Hop Bitters.**

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use **Hop Bitters**

If you are simply weak and unspiritual, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

If you are a man of bestselling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use **Hop B.**

suffering from any indiscretion; if you are young, suffering from ing on a bed of sick **Bitters.**

Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of **Hop Bitters**

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

TRADE MARK. **Seminal Pastille**

An entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Seminal Emissions and Impotency by the only true way, viz., Direct Application to the principal Seat of the Disease. The use of the remedy is attended with no pain or inconvenience, and does not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of life. The mode of treatment has gained the confidence of the most scientific men, and is now a processed remedy. There is no nonsense about this preparation. Practical observation enables us to positively guarantee that it will give perfect satisfaction. It is recommended by the Medical Profession to be the most rational manner yet discovered of reaching and curing this very prevalent trouble. The Remedy is put up in two forms, viz.: No. 1 (Costing a month), $2; No. 2 (sufficient to effect a cure in most cases), $5. Sent by mail, sealed in plain wrapper, on receipt of price. Full Directions for most successful use of the remedy accompany each package. Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving testimonial illustrations, which will convince the most skeptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and for the duties of life, more or less dependent upon it. Address

HARRIS REMEDY CO., MFG CHEMISTS, Market and 8th Streets, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 25 to $1 55
Wheat, (red) " "	1 50 to 1 70
Corn, per bushel,	1 00 to 1 10
Oats, " "	60 to 70
Rye, " "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	3 50 to 4 25
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	60 to 75
Peas, (white,) " "	1 15to 1 25
Beans, (col'd,)" "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,)" "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 00
Pork,	8 to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	11 to 12
" Hams'	10 to 12
Green Apples per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen,	12 to 15
Butter, per pound,	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	6 to 8
Beeswax, " "	20 to 21
Flax Seed, per bushel	80 to 0 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	00 to 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	75 to 80
Cabbage, per pound,	00 to 0
Chickens, per dozen	2 00 to 2 50
Hay, per hundred	70 to 75
Fodder, per hundred bdls,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs,	00 to 00
Blackberries,	0 to 00
Whortleberries	0 to 00
Dried Cherries	0 to 00
Dried Apples	0 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	2

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

WANTED.—A good milch cow.
E. LOEPER.

—Roses are blooming.

—See professional card of R. B. Kerner.

—New Moon on Monday afternoon last.

First Quarter on next Tuesday morning.

Day's length to-day, 13 hours 10 minutes.

The *New York Clothing House* has the best stock of FINE HATS in town.

—The fruit crop so far uninjured to any serious extent.

—The farmers are now busy planting their corn.

—Frank Wimmer is now telegraph messenger.

—The Public Square has put on its garb of green.

—John Nicholson is digging a well at his residence near town.

—The cat bird sings and frets among the trees and hedges.

—A. C. Vogler's new residence is now in course of erection.

—The Misses Welfare's are making improvements to their residence.

—Dr. J. A. Butner is making a fish pond near Reuben Longworth's.

—Joseph H. Reich spent last Sunday with relatives and friends in this place.

—The Academy park is being fixed up for the approaching summer months.

—The residence of the late Dr. Keehln has undergone a thorough re-painting.

—The brickmakers have began work, and several yards are now in full blast.

—Addie, a little daughter of Mrs. Stone, died of scarlet fever, in Winston.

—The plan of naming the new engine at Wiuston has been abandoned.

Oh, those BEAUTIFUL GLASS SETTS at Finch & Bro's. *Cheaper than the Cheapest.*

—Elm Street Public School picniced in the woods west of town, on Easter Monday.

—I. W. Durham has moved his marble yard next to N. T. Watkin's store, Winston.

—110 days since New Year; 255 days till end of year. Nearly one-third of the year past.

—We learn that in the neighborhood of Lexington wheat is waist high and looking well.

—Don't buy your clothing before you inspect the NEW YORK CLOTHING HOUSE.

—Elii Spaugh cut an ugly gash in one of his legs with an axe, one day last week.

—Rev. L. B. Wurreschke preached in the Moravian church on last Sunday night.

—A little frost last Monday morning. Not enough to damage the fruit or early vegetation.

Another lot of NEW SPRING CALICO just received at Finch & Bro's. Look at them before buying elsewhere.

—Mrs. Jacob Tise fell from the porch of her dwelling, one day last week, and broke her arm.

—Mrs. W. P. Reynolds and Miss Minnie Vogler are visiting relatives and friends in Madison.

—Wm. Powell was in town on last Saturday dispensing airs on the dulcimo at a nickle a piece.

—The largest and best selected stock of FINE CLOTHING at the *New York Clothing House.*

—It is an off year in the apple crop in several localities in this vicinity. Trees thrifty but no blooms.

—A colored lodge of Good Samaritan's was inaugurated at Hausertown, (Bethania), on last Saturday night.

—S A. Veach will occupy the room next to Lee Hendrick's residence, in this place, as a harness shop.

—Rev W. G. Hamilton will lecture at Union Ridge next Sunday at 11 o'clock, on the parable of the sower.

GREAT REDUCTION in Crockery at Finch & Bro's. Call early and secure *cheap* bargains.

—Mrs. Lt. H. R. Lemly, after spending the winter with H. A. Lemly, Esq., has returned to Washington city.

—The Amateur Band serenaded Mrs. Ada Hunter Smith, now visiting at C. A. Winkler's, on last Saturday night.

—Frog gigging has commenced. A colored boy of this place captured sixteen fine ones on last Friday night.

25 cents only, for gents fancy and plain Half Hose, worth 40 and 50 cents, at the *New York Clothing House,*

—Geo. Boozer has had a handsome sign painted on the "big coffee pot." Jack Johnson ("little Jack") was the artist.

—Mrs. Chalmers Glenn has returned to her home in Rockingham County, after spending several months at Salem Hotel.

MURDER.—A man by the name of Mabe was killed near Danbury, at a Public School exhibition. The murderer is at large.

A beautiful STORE ROOM and a good stand for every kind of BUSINESS for rent. Apply to Finch & Bro., Salem, N. C.

—Frank Smith, of Goldsboro, spent several days in this place during the past week. He was the guest of C. A. Winkler.

—Only son of Rev. Mr. Dodson, of the Methodist church, Winston, died of Scarletina, on Tuesday, after an illness of one day.

—We were shown a peach twig a few days since which contained two three and four perfect little peaches, apparently growing from one blossom.

—A Union Sunday School is in operation every Sunday at Liberty Grove, at 10 o'clock. Rev. John H. White, Superintendent and P. H. Hopkins, Assistant.

—The best and most complete selection of Boys' and Child's FINE SUITS, at NEW YORK CLOTHING HOUSE.

—The secret of so much hickory, dogwood and persimmon wood being delivered at the spoke and shuttle factory, is the empty corn cribs. The wood is sold to raise the means to buy corn.

WINSTON MUNICIPAL TICKET.—For Mayor: J. C. Buxton. For Commissioners: P. A. Wilson, S. H. Hodgin, James Martin, E. M. Pace, James A. Gray, J. W. Reed, Cicero Neeley.

Don't say you are afraid of your lamp bursting any more, as Finch has got the REAL SAFETY OIL, that stands a test of 175°, and sell it for 25 cents a gallon. Try a gallon and see the difference.

—On Monday night last a citizen was attacked on the street by a large dog which made a spring for his throat. A thirty-two calibre ball put a stop to the antagonistical demonstrations of the blood-thirsty beast.

—Finch & Bro's provision store, in this place, was entered on last Sunday night by some one removing a pane of glass from one of the show-windows, and a quantity of bacon, lard and other articles stolen.

—An old observer says that when a young married couple buy furniture to start house keeping the first thing the woman selects is a looking-glass, and the last thing the man thinks of buying is a broom.

—JUST RECEIVED, a few hundred SAMPLE HATS, consisting of gents' and boys' Wool Hats, sold at half price, at the *New York Clothing House.*

—The darkey who so cleverly imitates the crowing of a cock, passed down Main street yesterday morning exercising his crowing powers so lustily that he set all the roosters within his hearing to crowing.

—Sam'l Ratcliff, (col.), killed two large chicken hawks on Tuesday. As the hawks had been a source of great trouble to persons in the neighborhood where they were killed, having carried off many chickens, Sam's neighbors should present him with a huge chicken pie.

—J. E. Mickey, Esq., celebrated the 50th anniversary of his birthday on Tuesday. Numerous friends called on Julius, and a reception was held at his residence in the evening. The Wachovia Concert Club were out in full force, as Mr. Mickey is an old hand in the Band business.

NOW is the time to BUY Cups, Saucers, Plates, Dishes, Pitchers and everything you want in the Crockery line. *Never such bargains* offered before, at Finch & Bro's.

—A little son of P. W. Dalton had the misfortune to have his leg broken, with other injuries, while passing about a moving freight car loaded with lumber at the depot on Thursday last. The lumber slipped off the car and struck the boy. Boys should be careful how they walk about the railroad track at the depot.

—Eugene is his name. He stepped into our office on Monday and asked us to solve the following conundrum: "If a fat hog comes to 10 cents per pound, what will a poor hog come to?" When we told him we gave it up he answered, "a poor hog comes to corn." The shooting-stick being misplaced, he was allowed to go unmolested.

—The wild honeysuckle (Azælia) is now in full bloom, and brightens the woodlands with its delicate pink colors. Since the Stock Law is in operation, wild flowers are more plentiful, and numerous bouquets grace the windows of country and town dwellings.

LOST! LOST!! LOST!!!

A lace handRerchief was lost between Mr. Buxton's in Winston and Mrs. Patterson's in Salem. A reward will be paid if it is returned to
H. E. FRIES.

—Many gardens in town and country are yielding onions, radishes and head lettuce. Asparagus has been cut for several weeks past. Early corn, for roasting ears, is up in the patches and gardens. Tobacco plants look well. Less complaint of the fly than usual this year.

—We hear rumors of rust on the blades of wheat in the western portion of the county. Considerable anxiety is manifested by some farmers about it On one plantation, highly manured ground, the wheat shows indications of heading. It is believed generally that the harvest will be fully three weeks in advance of last year.

Finch & Bro keep all kinds of LAMP CHIMNEYS, all sizes, and all prices. *Cheaper* than you ever bought them BEFORE.

—A brilliant and beautiful Aurora spanned the northern heavens on last Sunday night about 10 o'clock, and lasting till towards morning. The beautiful white light played in fitful waves just above the horizon, assuming a bright roseate hue towards the zenith. The light was bright enough to cast shadows, and had the mellow tints of moonlight.

—The display of drawing, painting and decorative needlework at the Academy Art Studio was certainly worthy of all the favorable comments it received. Considerable improvement was manifested in every department The drawings were far above the average of school girl work, and the panel paintings were little gems, while the needlework exhibited industry and artistic taste far beyond any previous display. It was indeed a fine art fair, and had the articles been for sale, would have realized a fine price.

All kinds DRY GOODS and NOTIONS just received at Finch's DRY GOODS STORE. Call in and look at them.

—We have reliable information, that at a recent burial service of a child at the county grave yard, in Winston, which died with *scarletina,* in this place, the coffin was opened at the grave, in presence of a large number of adults and children.

Such carelessness is criminal. All authorities are agreed that this most infectious and fatal disease is easily imparted to the living by the remains of those who die with it; and therefore the most stringent precaution should be observed. So too with scarlet fever. As long as the "peeling off" continues quarantine should be rigidly enforced. Otherwise the disease will rapidly increase.

JUST RECEIVED a large lot of Florida sweet ORANGES and LEMONS at Finch & Bro's.

—From the upper part of this county, near Five Forks, we get the following items:

The party that have been prospecting for iron in this neighborhood, have moved to another lease, some six miles above here. They say they will be back in a few months and resume operations on the Garner lease again. The head of the prospecting party says that he is satisfied that good magnetic ore, in abundance, can be found in this vicinity, as the indications so far have been very satisfactory.

On Easter Sunday night Miss Jennie Anderson's singing class gave the Rev. Mr. Helsebeck a very pleasant surprise serenade. The hymns chosen were well suited for the occasion, and the singing excellent.

Quite a pleasant time was had at the closing exercises of Eugene Kiser's school, on Friday, 7th inst.

BIRTHDAY CARDS in great variety are on hand. The larger and more expensive styles can be ordered if applied for in time at SALEM BOOK STORE.

—The new vestry for St. Paul's Episcopal Church: J. C. Buxton, M. A. Curtis, J. H. McRae, R. T. Stedman; J. F. Hellen, C. Buford, T. W. Huske, J. A. Robinson.—*Leader.*

—The Winston Light Infantry re-organized on Tuesday night of last week. Quite a number of new members were added. The company will begin a new career, and we trust it will meet with every encouragement.—*Leader.*

RECEPTION OF THE SEXTETTE CLUB.—The second reception of the Salem Sextette Club, under the direction of Sig. D'Anna, came off on the evening of Friday, 14th. A larger gathering than on the previous occasion met in the Academy Chapel and was supplemented by the young ladies of the Academy, who constituted a particularly interesting portion of the audience. Amongst others we had the pleasure of meeting a number of ladies and gentlemen from the North, at present in Winston, on their way home from wintering in Florida.

The hall was especially arranged for the occasion, the seats having been removed and replaced by chairs. The ladies of the club and friends from town had adorned it very effectively with flowering plants and a fine display of calla lilies. These, with the bright lights and the pretty costumes, made the scene very attractive. The programme consisted of eleven numbers. The instrumental performances for violin and piano, were an enjoyable novelty, the aria, *Cujus animam,* reminding us pleasantly of the Philharmonic Society's fine production of the *Stabat Mater.* Sig. D'Anna repeated his caprice, first given at the last Academy concert, with specially noticeable cleanness, purity and force of playing. The songs given by Miss Siewers, a recent acquisition of the Club, Mrs. Fries, and Mrs. Hellen, also a new member, although familiar, were very well received. The Spinning Wheel quartet, from *Martha,* was sung with much spirit and effect, and, with the four part song of Mendelssohn, occupied a chief place in the estimation of the audience. One of the most enjoyable things was Sig. D'Anna's rendition of Mattei's *Il Marinaro,* which exhibited well the qualities of a voice, whilst the playing in accompaniment, of Miss Jenkins, in this as well as in other numbers, gave evidence of this young lady's continued improvement.

ARCADIA,—DAVIDSON COUNTY.—A good portion of the township contains perhaps the best upland to be found. In most cases it has been brought up by careful working, deep plowing and manuring well True, it took several years to bring the land to its present state, yet the encouragement from the first year was sufficient to induce a continuation in the good work. A number of the farmers in this neighboring township have mowers and horse rakes, and reapers are used by a few, all giving satisfaction. Improvement in stock has also received some attention. The meadows generally well cared for, and clover and peas have been used as green crop fertilizers with success. Several of the best farmers raise their own grass seed, and consequently have pure seeds. In short, there seems to be considerable improvement in farming. We know one farmer who has so carefully worked and manured his land that he beats his neighbors in crops with half the work and cultivates less than a third of the area of land. Six acres of corn on his land produces as much as 20 acres of some of his neighbors. All his crops are cultivated in a proper manner, and much of his land rests in grass every year. Stable manure and green crops judiciously applied and turned under have caused the most gratifying results. He works only half as hard, and with better results, than many of his neighbors.

ABBOTT'S CREEK.—Fruit prospects are fine. Wheat looks well, only some fear frost. Rust also appears on the blades. The growth of tobacco is not generally indulged in, though some few have raised fair crops. Cotton has been raised in small patches for years, but not on a large scale. The bottoms along the creeks yielded fine corn crops last year. The upland, or what is called old worn out land, can be reclaimed in a few years and made to yield good grain crops. Improved fruit trees were introduced in this neighborhood many years since by Moses Evans, and the farmers have better varieties of fruit than formerly Some, however, cling to the "old kind of peaches" because they are hardier, but acknowledge the fruit as inferior. Farm work is going on finely, and if the seasons are right, the yield of wheat and corn will be most abundant. So mote it be.

For the Press.

The County Superintendent of Public Schools, Prof. A. I. Butner, examined a number of applicants for teachers' certificates, on Saturday.

Miss Victoria Masten is teaching a private school in Winston township, near her uncle's, Mr. Ogburn.

Master Walter Friday fell on last Sunday, spraining his knee badly.

A number of farmers will use Double Eagle Phosphate on corn and tobacco land this season.

Measles! measles!! is all the cry in Broadbay township. Quite a number of families have them.

Stock law comes into effect first day of May, in Broadbay township.

—Dr. Rondthaler's lecture Friday dight. Subject: "Florence the Beautiful." S. A. H.

[PRESS CORRESPONDENCE.]

Some say there is wheat which will not head up. The think the cause is the fly in it.

It seems now that apples will not be very plenty this year. Many trees are not going to bloom.

There is not near as much contrariness among people in joining fences and making pastures as some said there would be if the stock law should be adopted. We hear of only a few acting any way contrary, and no doubt there ire will cool down after a little more airing.

The persimmon wood market has closed for this season,—a thing for which 'possums should be thankful.

The time for enclosing stock in Browntown township has been prolonged to the 20th day of April.

Thompson Smith, of Davidson county, has gone with his son Philip to Missouri. I think Mr. Smith intends to make Missouri his home if he can obtain land on reasonable terms.

We hear of one young man who needed an overcoat, and he fell upon a very sensible plan to get it. He quit drinking liquor and saved, as near as he could calculate, the amount of money that he would have spent in drink, and in a short time he was able to buy a very nice overcoat. There are many others who might do well by adopting a similar plan.

Most women are friendly to geese, but nearly every man despises them. One man in Davidson County, who is stingy enough that we had no idea he would be willing to lose a cent's worth in any shape or form, says he wishes some one would steal every goose on his place, and if his women folks should attempt to prosecute the thief, he would do all in his power to clear him.

Madison Stewart has bought several milch cows. He intends to clear some money by selling milk and butter.

There is a growing demand for tobacco box lumber. A large amount of it is hauled from the saw mills in Davidson County to Winston.

Some persons who sold hay during the fall and winter are buying this spring. They are obliged to buy or sell cow hides.

Some farmers are sowing clover patches this spring. Every farmer should try to have plenty of clover, for it is a cheap feed for stock.

It may be none of my business, but I think there are too many dogs in our country. I know of families who own three or four dogs and don't kill 300 pounds of pork.

The majority of farmers in our neighborhood are covering their Irish potato patches with some kind of litter; some use old hay, while others prefer leaves. Potatoes covered this way last year, yielded tolerably well notwithstanding the dry weather.

It is a wonder that people do not raise more pumpkins than they do. Those who have never tried it would be surprised at the amount that can be raised from a small quantity of well rotted manure, and they require but little labor to tend them. They are excellent to fatten beeves or feed to hogs.

Those persons who enjoy opening gates can have their satisfaction in that line in a short time. Nearly every person will have one, or more, gates across the country roads.

Not as many fruit trees planted last fall and this spring as common. Some have been disheartened at the number of trees which died from the severe cold of winter before last and dry weather last summer, but such extremes do not occur often.

Last summer house flies scarcely made their appearance before harvest, but this spring there are already plenty of them.

During the three winter months Richard Beeson sold about $12 worth of eggs.

Shuman Whitley thinks corn is better when it sells for one dollar or more per bushel than at a less price, because he says a horse eats it up much cleaner. There is philosophy in Shuman's talk.

The tobacco seed sown in our neighborhood came up well and looks nice.

There is reason to expect a further decline in the price of wheat. Crops still look well, and there is much old wheat in the country.

Abram Teague, of Teaguetown, says, if nothing befalls his fruit crop, he will have cherry pies yet in this month. He has 15 or 20 acres in orchard, and he says he never had a better prospect for fruit. He sells a great deal of both green and dried fruit. Last year he made several hundred gallons of vinegar which he sells by wholesale at thirty cents per gallon.

Farmers seem to be earlier about planting corn than usual. Most of them are about done planting.

The early spring has saved many a ton of hay. Pastures already furnish nearly a living for cattle.

The measles don't seem to be very severe in our settlement where proper care is taken.

A young man has been selling some kind of a never-fail medicine in the Hopewell settlement, but those who bought say it does not come up to recommendation. Another one has been selling recipes to make soap without grease. It seems to me he might sell more if he would change his recipe to make bacon without hogs. H. L. B.

—In justice to the citizens of Kernersville we will make known what perhaps very few knew until the last few days; that of a woman with three children being in our midst during this trying winter. She came from the State of Virginia last fall, shortly after the death of her husband, on a visit to her relations, intending to return in a few weeks; but not having the means to do so, spring came and found her here, destitute of everything, food, raiment and shelter, as the miserable hovel she lived in was wanted for another purpose, only a few persons heard the heart-rending story of cold, hunger and sickness. We believe the woman did try to get work but succeeded in getting so little that the pay was not enough to make half a living. She lived on through the winter, but few knew how, hoping when spring came she might get work with the farmers such as hoeing, but hope deferred makes the heart sick, and spring found her not only sick at heart, but broken down bodily through suffering. There was application made by a friend to get her and her children in our county poor house, but as she was not a citizen, and had not been in the State or County a year, she could not be admitted. Failing in everything, her whole cry was to get back to the mountains of Virginia. But how was she to get back in her destitution. She said there is only one way for me and my children and that is to walk, and trust to God for bread. No one knowing them could bear the thought of seeing them start in that way; the memory of it in my mind would have been that of three living corpses trying to get home to die. But the citizens of Kernersville have heaped honors on their heads; they did not let this poor and sick family go out from among us in that way. When they were solicited for aid, they liberally and cheerfully donated for their benefit, with the exception of only a few. Nor was the contribution of means to take them home all. Several of our ladies prepared a quantity of provisions, nice and tempting, enough to last twice the time of their journey. When we saw it all neatly packed up, tears of gratitude came to our eyes at the thought that they would have a good time once in their lives. They were comfortably started to what they called home, wretched home it would be to any of us, but still it is home to them, and they will be under the protection of the authorities of their own County and State. Here they seemed to belong to no one, strangers in a strange land. If the laws of our country were as strict as the Bible in the care of the poor, we would not see and hear of the suffering we do. Many that have grown strong and fat in this world's goods wag their heads and say laziness, yes, laziness, that's what brings people to poverty. Well we admit that is true in part. Then others say, I don't mind giving to the worthy poor. It is hard to decide who are the worthy. There are folks in this world who never find the worthy; the Bible says the poor shall never cease out of the land. We are commanded to open our hands wide to the poor and needy. It says, too, he that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him And whoso stoppeth his ears to the cry of the poor he also shall cry himself but shall not be heard. These are awful judgments and God is just as he is merciful, and always raises up friends for his poor. Christ said we have the poor always with us. We believe that some are left poor to try the faith and obedience of those that are blessed with plenty, for there are many sweet promises to those that help the poor, such as these: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble." "And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noonday." What is it that makes us most happy in life, but loving and giving. Is there anything stronger than the mother's love for the little children that cling to her skirts and nestle their little heads on her bosom and there tell all their little joys and sorrows. Mothers, some day your little birdies will fly away from the home nest, not even your tender love will hold them, some of them perhaps far away in a strange land. Then you can never look at the poor and needy without thinking of your absent ones, and asking God in your heart to keep your darlings from want. How often it is that riches take to themselves wings and fly away, and many are cast on beds of affliction and kept there year after year and the little they carefully hoarded away for a rainy day slips from them, little by little, before the rain is over.

Kernersville, April 5, 1882.

—A cold in the head is one of the best things that can happen to a lady with a lace handkerchief, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is decidedly the best remedy to cure that cold.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, SALEM, N. C., April 10th, 1882.

The book for registration of voters for the municipal election, to be held in the town of Salem, N. C., on the first Monday in May, 1882, is now open at my office, and will be until Saturday evening, April 29th. All persons not heretofore registered are now invited to do so.

Electors qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly of North Carolina, who have resided in this corporation thirty days, are entitled to registration.

J. F. SHAFFNER, *Registrar.*

LECTURE.

REV. E. RONDTHALER, D.D.,

will lecture in

Salem Academy Chapel,

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 21,

Subject:—"Florence, the Beautiful."

(WITH BEAUTIFUL SCIOPTICON VIEWS.)

Doors open at 7. Lecture, 7½ P. M.

Admittance 25 cents.

Tickets sold at J. Blickenderfer's, Salem, and at Pfohl & Stockton's, Winston.

The Distinguished Charm.

A delightful fragrance of freshly gathered flowers and spices is the distinguishing charm of Floreston Cologne.

Money for a rainy Day.

"For six years my daughter was sick from kidney and other disorders. We had used up our savings on doctors, when our dominie advised us to try Parker's Ginger Tonic. Four bottles effected a cure, and as a dollar's worth has kept our family well over a year, we have been able to lay by money again for a rainy day."—A Poor Man's Wife.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday, April 15, 1882.

Monday	$3,082 62
Tuesday	2,191 78
Wednesday	3,159 00
Thursday	4,510 68
Friday	2,059 29
Saturday	3,944 51
Total	$18,947 88

MARRIED.

By Charles Rothrock, Esq., at his residence, in this county, on the 16th inst., Mr. WILLIAM J. BERIER and Miss MARY E. SHOAF, of Lexington, Davidson County.

R. B. KERNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WINSTON, N. C.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.
H. W. FRIES.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.
GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams but **act directly on the inflamed parts,** allaying irritation, giving relief in **Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers** and **Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

—Beginning with the first number in March, **THE MORAVIAN,** issued at Bethlehem, Penna., commences the publication of **A History of the Unitas Fratum,** the Church founded in Moravia and Bohemia by followers of John Hus, four hundred and twenty-five years ago. The Work is written by Bishop Edmund de Schweinitz, after a careful study and comparison of all the extant sources, very few of which are in the English language, a thorough and correct account of the Church of the Reformers before the Lutheran Reformation and to become acquainted with an important, though hitherto ignored period of **Church History.**

Postage Stamps!

I want a good lot of Confederate Postage Stamps, used or unused, for which I will pay from 25 cents per hundred up to 2 or 3 cents each, for some kinds. The Salem "O. A. Keehln," post mark, on original envelopes, 10 cents each. Also the earlier issues of United States stamps and stamped envelopes of all denominations. Hunt up old letters, boys, and bring the envelopes to me. It will pay you.

J. A. LINEBACK.
Salem, N. C., April, 12 1882 4-t.

SALE OF HOUSE and LOT.

BY VIRTUE of a decree of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, I will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

MONDAY, 1st DAY OF MAY, 1882.

the following lot of land, belonging to the estate of the late Adam Conrad, to-wit:

A LOT OF THREE-FOURTHS OF AN ACRE, situated near the Shallowford road on the West side of Winston, about one mile from the Court-House, adjoining the lands of H. W. Fries, Z. G. Hege and others There are two dwellings and an orchard on said land.

TERMS:—Six months credit, with interest from date.

Bond with approved security required. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Mch25'82-4t N. S. COOK, Pub. Adm'r of Adam Conrad.

DR. BUTTS DISPENSARY.

Established 1847 at 12 N. 9th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Physicians in charge of this old and well known institution are regular graduates in medicine and surgery. Years of Experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.

INDISCRETION OR EXPOSURE Producing affections of the **blood, skin** or **bones,** treated with success, on scientific principles, without using Mercury or other Poisonous Medicines and at moderate expense.

YOUNG MEN and those of middle age who are suffering from organic weakness that unfits its victims for business or marriage, permanently cured, at moderate expense.

PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express but where possible personal consultation is preferred, which is **FREE** and invited. List of questions to be answered by patients desiring treatment mailed free to any address on application.

(Persons suffering from Ruptures should send for Pamphlet address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

Communications strictly confidential, and should be addressed DR. BUTTS, 12 North 9th St., St. Louis, Mo.

—FACTS FOR THE— CONSIDERATION OF FARMERS WHO GROW TOBACCO.

EVERY farmer knows that it does not pay to raise common Tobacco, and every one knows how difficult it is to make a strictly fine crop of Tobacco, even under the most favorable circumstances. So does every one know that it is almost impossible to make fine Yellow Tobacco, except on fresh land, without the use of Fertilizers. Our observation has been that the most successful Tobacco growers, both in North Carolina and Virginia, are those who use fertilizers most liberally, apply them properly and work their crops thoroughly.

These things being true it is of the utmost importance that you make a selection of the Fertilizer that is especially adapted to the growth of fine Yellow Tobacco and the one that will make the best possible crop in a wet, dry or good season. Every manufacturer of fertilizers will tell you that there has been a sharp advance in the cost of all standard fertilizing material this season. There are many different materials used in the manufacture of fertilizers, but only a few out of the whole list that are recognized as being standard. The Tobacco plant requires a different fertilizer from that required by either Wheat or Cotton. There are manufactured on "order" a great many brands of fertilizers which are sold in North Carolina by men who know little or care less about the quality of the goods they sell. They have nothing to lose if they get pay for their goods, as they have no money interest in factories, no special reputation, nor permanent interest in the business at stake. Nearly all the goods represented by this class of men are made of what is known as irregular material, shoddy leather, horns, hair and such, which give a high valuation in the books but very little result in the field. Again, there are manufacturers of reputation, who do a large business in the cotton section and who sell their Cotton Manure in Tobacco sections for the Tobacco crop. This is being done in Winston as is shown by the State license tax.

Allison & Addison pay a license tax on Star Brand Complete Manure for Cotton and Wheat and another license tax on Star Brand *Special Tobacco* Manure. There are only two other licensed Tobacco Fertilizers sold in the State as is shown by Dr. Chas. Dabney's report of taxes paid.

Allison & Addison have been dealing in and manufacturing fertilizers for the past seventeen years. They have a very large Factory, Bone Mills, Acid Chambers and in fact as complete a factory as is in the United States, situated on the right bank of the James River just below Richmond, Va. They have ample capital to conduct the business and get all the advantages that money and experience will command. They are practical men, attend to their business and have sought to make a fertilizer that will give the best results in the field rather than a high book valuation. Their money, their business and their reputation are all at stake, and they are not in the position of a corporation or joint stock company where no one's honor is especially at stake. They use only the best known materials in the manufacture of the Star Brand Manures, and by practical experience know how to manipulate them so as to give the best results on each crop in all kinds of seasons. The grade this year of the Special Tobacco Manure is as high or higher than it ever was before, and we can show by the testimony of thousands of farmers in North Carolina and Virginia that the "Star Brand" gives as a rule, better results than any Tobacco Fertilizer ever made. Prices are as low and terms as liberal as are consistent with as high grade goods.

Experience has shown the economy, and the best results can only be obtained by the use of Special Manures for each crop. In England and on the continent of Europe where the application of fertilizers has been reduced to a science this system is universal and it is being adopted to a great extent in this country also, being endorsed and recommended by the Directors of most of the Agricultural Departments. Allison & Addison conduct their manufacturing on this system, believing it to be the best and cheapest for the consumer.

For sale by

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

April 13th, 1882.—tf. WINSTON, N. C.

Dr. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in potable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other iron preparations.

GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy, has in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians, have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. ROBERT SAMUELS,
ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 26th, 1881. 2104 Wash Avenue.

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

IRON TONIC.

MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

Gray & Martin,
DRUGGISTS,
Winston, N. C.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD

Assets, over - - $30,000,000.

Total Claims Paid, SEVENTY MILLON DOLLARS

New York Office, 45 William Street.

DAVENPORT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS

1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,

Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

BOOKS AT COST

AT SALEM BOOKSTORE

FREE Send to MOORE'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY Atlanta, Ga. For Illustrated Circular. A live actual Business School. *Established twenty years.*

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind. Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had **thirty-five years' experience.**

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, **$3.20** a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub's. of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

North Carolina R. R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Feb. 19 1882.	No. 51. Daily.	No. 53. Daily
Leave Charlotte	3 55 a m	6 40 p m
" Salisbury	5 51 a m	8 51 p m
" High Point	7 20 a m	10 44 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 07 a m	11 20 p m
Leave Greensboro	8 25 a m	.....
Arrive Hillsboro	11 04 a m	.....
" Durham	11 48 a m	.....
" Raleigh	1 15 p m	.....
Leave "	1 40 p m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 20 p m	.....

No. 17—Daily, except Saturday.
Leave Greensboro 6 00 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh 3 04 a. m.
Arrive Goldsboro 8 00 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 53.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily; at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Feb. 19, 1882.	No. 50. Daily.	No. 52 Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 20 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 40 p m	.....
Leave "	4 70 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 28 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	6 07 p m	.....
" Greensboro	8 50 p m	.....
Leave "	9 10 p m	7 25 a m
Arrive High Point	9 43 p m	8 06 a m
" Salisbury	11 03 p m	9 28 a m
" Charlotte	12 50 a m	11 30 a m

No. 18, D'lyex. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 2 50 p. m.
Ar. Raleigh 7 10 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh 5 00 a. m.
Ar. Greensboro 2 20 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for Asheville, &c., at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A.-L. for points South and Southwest; at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

| GOING WEST. | No. 50, Daily

AN OLD MAN'S SILVER.

He Recovers It From the United States Treasury Vaults---The Picture of His Father---Other Family Relics.

When General Sherman and his men were marching through South Carolina, the people in his path, snatching up what valuables they could find in their haste, fled in every direction. Whenever a body of soldiers are raiding a country more or less pillaging and plundering take place, no matter how strict the orders or how well disciplined the troops. In such circumstances a soldier seems to think he has a right to what he can get—and keep. General Sherman's boys proved no exception to this rule. While on the watch one day the attention of an officer was attracted by a group of soldiers disputing. Stopping to listen a moment, he discovered that they were quarreling over the division of a large box of captured property. A glance told him that the contents were valuable and ought at once to be placed in the care of the government. "Here, men, this won't do! This box must be sent to Washington at once." Orders were given to that effect, and it was sent to Washington and stored away in the division of captured and abandoned property in the war department. It remained there until 1868, when, with other valuables, it was placed as a special deposit in the vaults of the treasury department. Some of the things deposited there had no mark about them by which they could be identified, while others were plainly marked. Congress authorized that the former be sold, but those that might by any possibility be claimed by the owners were carefully preserved. It is a long time since that box of household valuables was ruthlessly snatched by rough soldiers from the fleeing South Carolinian, and he is now an old man. He had forgotten all that the box contained, but remembered that his family plate was there, and that it was all marked, and that it must have been placed in the government's care. If he could only get the necessary authority to have his goods returned to him, he knew he could identify them. After a good deal of hard work and worry on his part, a private bill authorizing the return of such pieces of silver as could be clearly identified as his property should be returned to him, was at last passed by Congress. It was a happy morning for him, only a few days ago, when he made his way to the treasury department armed with the necessary authority, and carrying a large, old-fashioned carpet-bag in which he intended to bring away the long-lost family relics. He was escorted to the vaults by the officers of the department, and the articles placed before him for identification. Yes! there they were, all plainly marked with the family name, large old-fashioned silver goblets, heavy ladles, spoons, forks and various other articles of silver. His eye brightened and his hand trembled as he picked them up and carefully examined them. Turning to those who stood near: "Ah! I tell you, these were bought when money was more plentiful than it is now," he said. One by one he dropped them into the old bag of goodly proportions; but large as it was the sides soon began to bulge. Several hundred dollars' worth by weight was clearly identified as his property. But what is this? It bears the same family mark, but had been entirely forgotten. He touched the spring and opened the case. "Why, that is the portrait of my father, dressed in the uniform of a major in the British army; how many years since I looked upon his face!" "Stop, old man, that must not go with the rest; it bears your name, I know, but Congress authorized the return of articles of silver only." His eyes filled with tears as he reluctantly laid the portrait down. A further search brought to light numerous pieces of family jewelry, some very handsome, and all bearing the same mark, but they had to be laid aside as they did not come within the provisions of the act. The vaults were again locked, and the old carpet-bag closed. "I wouldn't mind the jewelry so much if I could only take away that portrait," were the last words of the old man as he took his departure.—*Washington Star.*

Fond of His Pets.

But Bishop Thorlwall's particular affections were reserved for cats. Many an awkward Welsh curate, introduced into his lordship's library to be licensed, or not impossibly lectured, found the terrors of that awful presence intensified by the rushing upon him of two or three pet dogs, harmless probably as the bishop himself, but whose wild yelps and barkings, if meant for welcome, sounded very much like the reverse. And it was well if, as he escaped from these, he did not in his nervousness stumble over a basket in which a favorite cat and her young family were reposing in the neighborhood of the episcopal chair. One privileged tabby in particular was allowed to sit upon his shoulder while he was at his studies or his meals—a position which, as the bishop remarks, "enables him to check any rash motion of your pen, and, if you are at dinner, to intercept any morsel which seems to him likely to go in a wrong direction." He is almost as glad to receive a promising new kitten as a promising new book. But he has a great respect for the vested interests of old occupants. He would have accepted the "kind offer" from his correspondent on one occasion of "a good tortoise shell, which are very rare, with pleasure and gratitude, had he been catless," but, he goes on to say, "I do not venture to introduce a second cat into the family without the express consent of the one now reigning, which I do not expect him to give." At another time he sends her three numbers of the *Spectator*, recommending to her special attention some articles relating to cats, "in which, perhaps for the first time, some degree of justice has been done to the moral qualities of those much-traduced and often persecuted creatures."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Leaf from the Czar's Diary.

Got up at 7 A. M and ordered my bath. Found four gallons of vitriol in it and did not take it. Went to breakfast. The Nihilists had placed two torpedoes on the stairs, but I did not step on them. The coffee smelled so strongly of Prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my slipper, but luckily shook it before putting it on. Just before stepping into my carriage to go for my morning drive it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the horses instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch off hermetically sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there. Found a poisoned dagger in my favorite chair, with the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 P. M., and made Baron Laishchounowonski taste every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some Baltimore oysters and London stout that I have had locked up for five years. Went to the theater and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed and slept all night on the roof of the palace.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

Conway, Ark., will not permit even express companies to deliver liquor to citizens o that town.

UNDER THE BED.

Times When It Has Concealed the Oft-Looked-for Burglar.

The man under the bed does not always prove a myth. Perhaps it is an actual fact that women who pray look for him more regularly than others of a less spiritual turn of mind; when the good woman kneels at the bedside to offer her devotions it is the most natural thing in the world for her to first explore that historic territory and satisfy herself that no concealed burglar is listening. t is also a well-authenticated fact that a pious woman in the suburbs of London did discover the legs of a bold, bad housebreaker sticking out just as she began her petition. She did not shriek, but went on with a prayer for that particular sinner that would have melted the heart of a Newgate thief. I wish that it might be added that he was converted on the spot, came out and was pardoned and afterward married the petitioner. But truth compels me to add that the good woman was interrupted in the most solemn part of her prayer by a peal of laughter from the graceless young brother who had enacted the part of a burglar.

More tragic was the story of the lady who, traveling alone, stopped at an inn and mentioned the fact that she had been followed and watched by a villainous-looking man with a shock of red hair, who she feared had designs upon the valuables she carried with her. As nothing was seen of him at the inn, she retired for the night, carefully locked the door, and was soon in bed, leaving a light burning in front of a mirror! No sooner was her head on the pillow than she had a distinct view of the man with the red hair crouching under the bed. She made no sound, but reached softly for a scarf she had laid near, made it into a running noose, and waited. The next morning when her servants broke open the door, they found the lady sitting up in bed, grasping with both hands the noose in which she held the fearful weight of the dead man; she had strangled him, but was herself a raving maniac, from whom reason had forever gone.

Some time ago a prominent judge in Birmingham, N. H., was found murdered in his own house and no clew to the murderer. It was immediately after an adverse decision he had made in a case of great importance, and the murder was supposed to have been instigated by a desire for revenge, but as all the parties were respectable people it was impossible to fasten the guilt on any one. The judge was a widower, and lived alone with the exception of a young daughter and the servants. This daughter was beautiful, and on the evening in question had returned home from a ball at a late hour and gone directly to her own room, where she stood before her mirror taking off her jewels. As she did so, she held her white and rounded arm above her head, and conscious of its beauty said aloud: "What a beautiful arm!" little thinking the idle remark of such consequence as it proved to be in the tragedy that followed. The girl both saw and heard her father's murderer, but as he was masked failed to distinguish his features, but always declared she should know his voice if ever she heard it. Several years passed, and in another city she was standing in a crowd observing some passing sight, when she was conscious of the curious regard of a stranger who stood near. Looking at her with a singular intensity, he made this remark: "Oh, the beautiful arm!" She knew the voice in an instant, and throwing herself bodily on the man, denounced him as her father's murderer. He was arrested, tried and convicted, and told how he had lain hidden under the bed and heard the idle remark of the young girl which she herself had been scarcely conscious of. He had recognized her on meeting her, and involuntarily betrayed himself, as he had been a stranger and an unsuspected party.—*Detroit Post.*

A Remarkable Surgical Operation.

The success of a surgical operation performed some time ago by Dr. William S. Forbes, professor of anatomy at the Jefferson Medical college, demonstrates a way in which musicians may overcome the necessity of years of constant practice to destroy the rigidity which naturally exists in the third or ring finger. This normal infirmity has always been the great drawback to students. To obtain a thorough knowledge of the theory of music, flexibility and ease in the movement of the third finger is absolutely required. The subject was brought to the attention of Dr. Forbes by Professor Zeckwer, a music teacher. The physician gave the assurance that if a subject were procured he would demonstrate that, with a not very painful surgical operation, the finger could be brought under control. A young colored man in the employ of Professor Zeckwer, who had some musical ability, consented to subject himself to the surgeon's scalpel. In the case of the third finger, unlike its neighbors, the upper or extensor finger is joined with the tendons of the fingers on each side of it by two smaller or accessory tendons. This acts like a martingale, one holds the fingers down so completely that nothing but constant strain will loosen the pressure. Dr. Forbes, when the subject was brought to him, simply made two small openings in the back of the left hand on each side of the extensor tendon, and divided the troublesome accessories. The finger was at once released, and, immediately after the operation, the young man was able to raise the finger and describe an arc of a circle an inch and a half greater than he could before. Since the operation the finger has been rapidly gaining strength, and now, at exercise, it does yeoman service as compared with its twin of the other hand.

The Mule and the Mormon Bishop.

The Salt Lake *Tribune* says a sad story of destitution comes from San Peto. It appears that an old Mormon saint, who had been drained out by the tithing system for over twenty years, became so poor that he was unable to secure meat for his family. Last week, driven to desperation by his poverty, he slew a mule and cut up the carcass for the family table. As he was about to salt down the meat in his cellar, he recollected the tithing obligation, and accordingly carried a portion of the meat to the bishop after the usual form. The bishop received the seventy-five pounds of meat (the mule weighed 750 pounds) and laid it aside for a Sunday roast.

A few hours later when he came to more closely inspect the meat he discovered that it had not been skinned and that the hair left on was unmistakably that of the mule, and no other than the iron-gray mule the needy brother had plowed his field with for the last fifteen years. This roused the ire of the bishop, and repairing to the brother's house he berated him soundly for his trifling act, and told him to come after his mule meat at once, also hinting that he had better replace it with some sort of produce more in accordance with the bishop's gastronomic ideas. The poor tithe-payer could not comply, and there is talk of cutting him off from Zion. The bishop probably expects quail on toast, frogs' legs and enlarged goose liver from people who are fighting starvation and death with rough mule meat. The poor man made a great mistake in leaving the hair on.

SECRETS OF SPACE.

An Albany Boy Achieving Fame by Discovering a New Comet---How the Discovery was Made.

"Surprised? Well, I rather guess I was," said Mr. Charles S. Wells to an Albany *Argus* reporter, in the sitting-room of the Dudley observatory residence, when he was asked about his discovery of a new comet at an early hour the previous morning, and the news of which had been flashed from one end of the country to the other. "I was dumbfounded, or found dumb would probably be more literally correct. I'll tell you how it was. I had been at work all night sweeping the heavens for strange objects, my special desire being to find a comet. To say that I expected to succeed would probably be putting it too strongly. I hoped to. Early in the evening I came across a strange object, and for a moment or two my hopes ran high; but like many hundreds before it proved to be only a faint nebula, and I went back to work again. Along about 4 o'clock in the morning, just as I was preparing to give up the search for the night, I perceived in the constellation Hercules an object that made my blood tingle in every vein. At first I could scarcely believe my senses, but there it was before me. With my heart playing a lively tattoo against my vest I proceeded to take hasty observations, and, after doing so, ran as fast as I could to Professor Boss' residence, a few rods away, for the purpose of having him also observe it. I scrambled down the arbored walk in the darkness, I don't know how, and reaching the front door pulled the bell lustily. My impatience grew unbearable, when, after several minutes had passed, no one answered. All was still as death. Then I began to set up what might be not inappropriately termed an Indian war whoop and dance, without tomahawk and scalping knife, but this was equally ineffectual. I could stand it no longer, and so, determined not to lose any more time, as daylight would soon be upon me, I ran back to the observatory with a deadly fear that the object would be gone. But no, it was there still, and I proceeded as best I could under the natural excitement to record carefully its position."

"What instrument was you using?"

"Well, that's a point I wanted to speak of. Usually when searching I use what is known as the 'comet seeker,' a comparatively small instrument, but last night I had the largest telescope in the observatory, and it is very fortunate I had, too, for with the seeker it is very doubtful if I would have made the discovery."

"Was the night clear?"

"Exceptionally so. In fact, there are not, perhaps, more than three or four nights in a whole year so favorable for astronomical observations as was last night. That is one of the reasons I was working so late."

"Where was it located?"

"Its right ascension at that time was seventeen hours fifty-two minutes, north, declination thirty-two degrees, thirty minutes. The rapid approach of dawn precluded any elaborate preparations for accurate observations. The position of the comet was several times ascertained by what are technically known as 'pointings' which will prove sufficiently exact for the purposes of preliminary calculations hereafter."

"How large did it appear through the telescope?"

"About as good a comparison I can perhaps make is with the moon. Its length is about one fifth of the diameter of the moon, and its width about one-fifteenth. One of the first peculiarities I noticed was a bright point of light, evidently a star of small magnitude, on the edge of the comet. On returning from my effort to arouse the professor I again looked for this star, and found that it was a considerable distance away from the edge of the comet, showing that it was not a nebula, as I feared, but was moving rapidly in space."

Professor Boss, who was present, said: "The new object is what would be termed by astronomers a bright telescopic comet. It possesses a nucleus or central condensation of light equal in brightness to a star of the eighth magnitude, and has a tail five minutes or more in length. It is, therefore, a full-fledged comet, and notably unlike the usual appearance of comets at first discovery. If it shall prove that the new comet is approaching the earth, it is likely to become an object of more than ordinary interest. As nearly as could be ascertained by Mr. Wells in the short interval before dawn the comet is moving in a northeasterly direction through the sky, at a rate not exceeding one degree daily. From this fact it might possibly be inferred that it is moving more or less directly toward the earth; but we consider this only an inference upon which a decision will be reached only after three complete observations, of position, on different nights. The position in which the new comet appears is sufficient to establish the fact that this is not the long expected comet of 1812; in fact an eminent French astronomer in correspondence with the Dudley observatory predicts that the comet of 1812 will not make its appearance previous to 1884, if as early. It is not probable that the new comet is visible with the naked eye, but without doubt it can be seen with a good opera glass. It rises in the northeast at about 9.30 P. M., and is at that time directly below Vega and about ten degrees from it. It may be looked for between Mu Herculus and the bright star Vega at about one-third of the distance from the former star.

Sardine Fishing.

Not less than thirty thousand persons are engaged in the sardine fishery in France, and fully as many find occupation in "preserving" this fish. A writer in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* says that in taking the sardine the bait, which is called rogue, plays an important part. This lure is a kind of caviare made from the eggs of the cod preserved in brine, thirty-five thousand barrels of which are imported from Norway every year. When the position of a shoal is ascertained the nets are let down, and the master of the boat throws the bait, mixed with sand to cause it to sink, into the water. Emerald green flashes on the surface of the water denote the rise of some of the fish. Then the bait is liberally cast out, and soon the whole shoal rises in the nets. At one time a boat could take twenty thousand sardines; but now it is rare to bring in more than from five thousand to six thousand at a trip. When the boats land the sardines are taken to the factories in hampers containing about five hundred apiece. There girls cut off the heads of the fish, open and clean the bodies, and place each fish, one by one, on stone or marble slabs, previously strewed with salt. While this preliminary drying is going on the fires are lighted and the purest olive-oil is put into immense caldrons. When the oil is boiling the sardines are laid in layers in iron wire baskets provided with handles. These baskets are plunged into the oil and then placed on shelves covered with zinc to drain. When they are moderately dry they are taken to the large drying house, exposed to the sea breeze, and there they remain until fit to be sorted into boxes. The large ones are considered the finest, and the small ones are frequently passed off as anhovies.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Bashful Young Man's Speech.

A young lady who graduated from a high school last July is teaching school in New Hampshire. A bashful young gentleman visited the school the other day and was asked by the teacher to say a few words to the pupils. This was his speech: "Scholars, I hope you will always love your school and your teacher as much as I do." Tableau—giggling boys and girls and a blushing schoolma'am.

Kate Field on Dress.

Kate Field has written and continues to write some curious things. Among the latest effusions of that gifted lady is the following in *Our Continent:*

There certainly are no women in the world who think so much about dress or devote so much time to it as Americans. The result, however, is hardly commensurate with the expenditure of time and money. To think about dress does not necessarily involve what is seriously called thought. When monkeys act like men we do not accuse them of thought. We attribute to them a wonderful power of imitation. In dress we are nothing but monkeys. We have not yet acquired sufficient taste or knowledge to make our own fashions, so we wait for the modistes of Paris to tell us what they please and then adopt their ideas regardless of consequences. France is the most artistic nation in Europe, but we should take our France with discretion. What is suitable for one is not necessarily suitable for all, and it is well known that costumes prepared for the American market are "louder" in style than those intended for home customers. American patrons are sought because they are willing to pay extravagant prices, but their judgment, as a rule, does not command respect.

Fashion Notes.

New vests are pointed.

Grenadine lace is new.

Bullet buttons prevail.

Guipure lace is revived.

Puffed flounces are stylish.

Polonaises are draped to form paniers.

Hooks and eyes fasten many dresses.

Dull jet is not confined to mourning.

Puffed plastrons extend to the waist line.

Small bugles make up new jet trimmings.

Colored satin ribbon bows are worn at the throat.

Gloves with closed wrists continue fashionable.

Sashes are so wide and long that no other drapery is needed.

Panier effects are taking a prominent place among the present styles.

The newest dresses have numerous bows of ribbon or velvet on them.

The Langtry belted waist is used for white muslin, lawn and print dresses.

Waists of Spanish lace, lined with satin, are worn with satin surah skirts.

Handsome parasols have frills of lace, and others a bunch of flowers on the top.

The Origin of Bride-Cake.

It is not generally known that the custom of having bride-cake, without which, even to this day, any wedding within the domain of civilization would be counted as incomplete, is derived from the most solemn of the three connubial ceremonies observed by the ancient Romans. This was called confarreatio, the other ceremonies being coeptio, the pretended purchase by which the parties bought one another with a bit of coin, and usus, the consummation or taking home of the bride. The latter two are alone mentioned by Cicero, which shows that the first form had grown obsolete before his time.

Confarreatio was performed by the chief priest or priest of Jupiter; a formula was pronounced in the presence of ten witnesses, and the man and woman ate of a cake of salted wheaten bread, throwing part of it on the sacrifice, which was that of a sheep. The cake was termed far panis farrens (corn or wheaten bread), whence the name of the ceremony.

By this form the woman was said to be possessed of her husband by the sacred laws, and became a partner of all his substance and sacred rites, those of the Penates as well as Lares. If he died intestate and without children, she inherited all his property. If she had children she received an equal share with them. The offspring of this form of marriage were designated as patrimi or matrimi, from whom were chosen priests and priestesses, especially the priests of Jupiter and the vestal virgins. The emperor of Tiberius wanted three priests of this pure lineage, but could not get them, owing to the general disuse of the ceremony in his reign. Confarreatio was dissoluble only by a form of divorce, disfarreatio, regarded as its equivalent in solemnity.

That bride-cake is a relic of confarreatio is evident from the fact that until two centuries since it was made of wheat or barley, without fruit. We should think that, with the present revival of, and love for, the old, young women of classic culture and taste would insist that the bride cake should be of the ancient sort. It might add to the serious and sacred character of the occasion.

In a Maelstrom.

A Scandinavian emigrant gives the following account of a tragedy in the famous Lofoden maelstrom, his rustic patois of the fiords doubtless being "lost in the free translation," of a Toronto reporter: A few years ago, on a delightful July evening, I saw a body of codfish rise by the edge of the whirlpool's outer circles, and immediately after the cod had risen a whale arose among them and spouted. The column of spray blown up like a geyser attracted the attention of a small fishing boat not less than a half a mile distant, and knowing that where the whale blew there was cod, they pulled toward the spot. In the boat was a pretty old man and his son, a lad of about sixteen. They had just come for the first time out to the Lofodens, and now pulled carelessly inside the circle. Their boat began to move slowly around, but they went on fishing unmindful of the motion. But the movement increased, as every minute the circle grew smaller and the swirl moved faster. At length the truth dawned upon the luckless old man and the boy. A faint scream of terror from the lad came over the water; they grasped their oars and pulled with desperation. But they were in the meshes. It seemed as if some fiend were dragging them to the vortex. For a time they held their own against the centerward force, but only for a while. The old man's strokes became less steady, so did the lad's. The latter again rallied, and was pulling with the desperation of despair when his oar unshipped and fell over. In a moment it was carried away. Then the two set up a wild, piercing cry, put their hands up, praying to God for mercy—they could not expect deliverance. In a minute or two it was all over. The boat was whirled round and round, then her stern was seen to rise in the air, then, with all she contained, the disappeared forever.

The publishers of the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer heartily recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and say: "It has been well tried in our office and composing room, and has cured our city editor of a very bad case of Bronchitis."

HEALTH HINTS.

WHAT TO DO FOR A SICK-HEADACHE.—Don't take a cup of strong tea, a dose of "blue mass," or anti-bilious pills; but if you have an attack of genuine sick-headache, the whole head aching as though it would split, the temples throbbing, the tongue coated, and mouth tasting bad, no appetite, more or less nausea, and constipated bowels, drink a pint of warm (not hot) water. Keep drinking until free vomiting is induced, thus washing out the stomach and relieving it of its load of decomposing, undigested food. Next take a hot enema, apply hot fomentations to the bowels and drink freely of very hot water. A fomentation about the head or between the shoulders will usually relieve the headache very much. Eat nothing for twenty-four hours, and afterward live upon fruits and grains, avoiding meat, butter, pastry, sugar, sauces and all indigestible foods.

FOOD.—The chief meals of the day should be breakfast and dinner, and they should be served regularly. All food, both flesh and vegetable, should be well cooked, not eaten in a partially raw condition. For heavy work the best drink is a quarter of a pound of oat meal well boiled in two or three quarts of water, with an ounce and a half of sugar added. Beer or alcoholic drinks should be altogether avoided by young persons, and should only be taken in a diluted form, with food, after the day's work is done. Liebig's essence of beef is recommended as the best stimulant of a ready kind for fatigue; strong tea or coffee coming next to it. As to young people it is mentioned that factory children between thirteen and sixteen years of age were found to grow four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper, as on tea and coffee. When food is given too hot to children, it damages their teeth. For the opposite extreme, old age, the food should be very digestible and small in quantity. Very old people should be always spare in their diet.

Indian Agriculture.

One day at the Yanktonian agency, located on the corner of Poplar creek and the Missouri river, I besought a chief that he dicker with me for a head of lettuce and a few bunches of radishes. I should say his farm was about fourteen feet long by seven wide, and looking from the farm to him it was difficult to decide which presented the greater aspect of fertility. But he was a chief and a man of land, and must be approached with mingled respect and alms.

"No, comrade," he replied, with an air of stately grace, "the Great Spirit has hold of the other end of those plants, and they don't come up till he shoves them." (Not his exact language, but a free translation.) I pointed out to him that the whole business was going to seed; that in a few days longer they would be unfit to eat, and his whole crop of ninety-eight square feet would be ruined, unless he dug it up and found a market.

Thereat he knocked me down with an unanswerable argument:

"Comrade, when those shrubs started in they were small. You could have carried the whole outlying district in your mouth. They got bigger and bigger, until they are what you see them now. Shall I pull them up and lose the interest? Nay, comrade; they shall stop where they are until they are full size, and then there will be feasting in the tent of Potleg."

That's an Indian's idea of farming. He won't harvest for fear his crop might grow larger if let alone, and he permits it to run to seed. The agents say it is the worst difficulty they have to overcome. After a little bribing they can induce the Indian to plant, and then he will watch his farm con amore. But to make him take in his crop has so far proved an impossibility, while we wait for him to educate up to a harvester.

I told Potleg he was a great man and asked him who owned the grave next to him. That belonged to another savage who was temporarily absent skirmishing for a hoe. The bargain was easily made. Potleg had no conscientious scruples and I made him a present of what few I had and went back to camp with my pockets full of vegetables. Perhaps the other aborigine missed them and helped himself from some other patch. I shall never know, but whatever he did made no impression on the sublime dignity of my friend Potleg or his abiding faith in the effect of time on crops.—*Dakota Letter.*

A Picture Worth Beholding.

Hanging between two small windows, and catching the light from a larger one opposite, in one of the offices of Adams Express Company, at 59 Broadway, New York—the office occupied by Mr. W. H. Hall, head of the delivery department—is a plainly finished but neatly framed chromo about 2½ by 3 feet in size, which is looked upon by hundreds of people daily, on many of whom it has a wonderful and salutary effect. It represents a flight of half a dozen rough stone steps leading from the awarded bank of a placid lake to a little rustic temple set in the rugged side of the mountain which rises in stupendous proportions in the background all covered with a rank luxuriant growth of foliage in brush and tree. In the open door of this little temple stands a half concealed figure, with an arm and hand extended, holding forth a small, dimly defined package, while seated on the sward at the foot of the steps an aged pilgrim, barefooted, lame and decrepid, bears a staff in one hand, and in the other holds before his dim eyes a small bottle, whose label he eagerly scans. This label bears the words "St. Jacobs Oil the Great German Remedy." Simple as this little chromo appears in its unostentatious position, it has an influence which it would be difficult to estimate. "It is to that picture and the persuasions of Mr. Hall," said Mr. Edward J. Douglass, a gentleman connected with Mr. Hall's department, "that I owe my present ability to perform my work. Some weeks ago I was violently attacked with sciatic rheumatism, and hour by hour I grew worse, and nothing my family or the doctor could do gave me any relief. I began to think in a few days that my case was hopeless and that I was doomed to be an invalid and helpless cripple for life. But at last I thought of that picture which I had so often looked at with but little interest, and then Mr. Hall came to my bedside, and telling me how St Jacobs Oil had cured him of a worse and longer standing case than mine urged me to use the same remedy. I did so that very night, directing my wife not to spare it but to apply it thoroughly according to the directions; this she did with a large piece of flannel cloth saturated with the Oil, and then bound the cloth to the affected parts. The next morning I was free from pain, and although a little sore in the hip, was able to dress myself, and the next day resumed my duties in the office as sound as a dollar. Here I am now in full health and strength, having had no touch of rheumatism or other pain since. Whenever I see one of our drivers or any other person who shows any symptoms of lameness or stiffness, I point him to the picture in Mr. Hall's office, and then direct him to go for St. Jacobs Oil at once."—New York Evening Telegram.

A new train that finds many admirers lies but a few inches on the floor, and the skirt is very short in front to show embroidered silk hose and fine boots or slippers.

Moses How, Esq., of Haverhill, Mass, strongly indorses St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, etc., from the observation of its effects in his factory as also in his own family—so we see from one of our Massachusetts exchanges.—Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.

Mousquetaire gloves remain popular, but buttoned or laced gloves are more becoming to both hands and arms and are now preferred by ladies of taste.

THAT RICH EXPERIENCE.

A Free Press Interview Sustained and Its Source Revealed.

(Detroit Free Press.)

A few months ago an interview with a prominent and well known physician, formerly a resident of Detroit, but now living in New York, appeared in the columns of this paper. The statements made by the doctor and the facts he divulged were of so unusual a nature as to cause no little commotion among those who read them, and many inquiries were raised as to the genuineness of the interview and the validity of the statements it contained. The name of the physician was at that time suppressed at his own request. The seal of secrecy, however, can now be removed, as the important and interesting letter which appears below will abundantly show. In order, however, that the reader may better understand this letter, a few extracts are herewith given from the interview in question:

After an exchange of courtesies and a few reminiscences about the war, in which the doctor was a prominent surgeon, the reporter remarked upon the doctor's improved appearance, upon which he said:

"Yes, I have improved in health since you last saw me, and I hope also in many other ways. One thing, however, I have succeeded in doing, and it is one of the hardest things for any one, and especially a doctor, to do, and that is I have overcome my prejudices. You know there are some people who prefer to remain in the wrong rather than acknowledge the manifest right. Such prejudice leads to bigotry of the worst order. Now I am a physician, and of the 'old school' order, too, but I have, after years of experience and observation, come to the conclusion that truth is the highest of all things, and that if prejudice or bigotry stand in the way of truth so much the worse for them—they are certain to be crushed sooner or later. Why, when I knew you in Detroit, I would no sooner have thought of violating the code of ethics laid down by the profession, or of prescribing anything out of the regular order, than I would of amputating my hand. Now, however, I prescribe and advise those things which I believe to be adapted to cure, and which my experience has proved to be such."

"How did you come to get such heretical ideas as these, doctor?"

"Oh, they are the result of my experience and observation. I obtained my first ideas upon the subject, though, from having been cured after all my care and the skill of my professional brethren had failed to relieve me. Why, I was as badly off as many of my patients, with a complication of troubles, including dyspepsia, and consequently imperfect kidneys and liver, and I feared I should have to give up my practice. For months I suffered untold agonies. Dull, indefinite pains in various parts of the body; a lack of interest in everything around me; a loss of appetite; headaches; all these disagreeable symptoms were added to pains which were both acute and constant. Sick as I was, however, I became restored to health in a most surprising manner, and in an incredibly short space of time, and it was this that proved a revelation to me. That was the starting point, and my prejudices faded rapidly after that, I can assure you. I went to reading extensively, and analyzing more extensively, and since that time I have discovered many things of real value to humanity. Why, only a few days ago I advised a lady who was suffering from a serious female difficulty and displacement to use the same remedy which cured me. I saw her this morning and she is nearly well; the pain and inflammation are all gone and she is around as usual. We have no right in the medical fraternity to sit back and say there is no such thing as improvement or advancement, or that we have a monopoly of the remedies which nature has given to mankind. There are great changes going on in every department of life, and there are great developments in medicine as well. Thousands of people die every year from supposed typhoid fever, rheumatism or other complaints, when in reality it is from trichina, caused by eating poorly-cooked and diseased pork. Thousands of children are dying every year from dropsy as the apparent sequel to scarlatina, when in reality it is from diseased kidneys which have become weakened by the fever they have just had."

"Well, doctor, you have got some new truths here, certainly, but they sound very reasonable to me."

"Well, whether they are reasonable or not, I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction that they are true, and I propose to stand by them, no matter how much opposition I may raise by doing so. Any man, be he politician, preacher or physician, who is so considerate of his pocketbook or of his own personal ends as to stultify himself by suppressing the manifest truth, is unworthy the name of man and unworthy the confidence of the public whom he serves."

The above are some of the principal points in the interview referred to. Now for the sequel. The following outspoken letter from the doctor himself, which has just been received, is published in full:

Editor Detroit Free Press:

Some time ago a reporter of your paper had an interview with me which he said he would like to publish. I consented on condition that you would not mention my name until I gave you permission. I have now accomplished the purpose I had in mind, and wish to say to you (which you can publish or not as you see fit) that I had debated for a long time whether I would shake off some of the professional fetters which bound me with others for years, and tell the truth, or not. When I looked back, and thought of the tortures, like those described by Dante on his trip to the infernal regions, which I endured from dyspepsia, and recalled how much I had prayed at that time for the relief which I have since obtained, I determined that I would take the step so long meditated and thereby discharge a duty to my fellow men. If I could thereby save one poor mortal one night of the terrible suffering I endured I would be fully satisfied, be the other consequences what they might.

My dyspeptic condition was produced by a torpid liver, which did not, as a consequence, remove the bile from the blood. This produced derangement of the stomach, inflammation of its coats, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, depression of spirits, yellow complexion, fat-forming, chills and fever, and, in short, I was miserable to the last degree. I appealed in vain to my books, to my skill and to my fellow physicians. The mystery of my ill-health grew deeper. I traveled everywhere—exhausted all authorized expedients—but to no purpose!

When in this frame of mind, desperately in need of help, but expecting none, one of my unprofessional friends called my attention to some unusual cures wrought by a prominent remedy and urged me to try it. I emphatically declined. But secretly, and with the firm determination that I would never let anybody know what I had done, I began its use. It was only an experiment, you know, but, for that matter, all medical treatment is experimental. Well, to make a long and surprising story short, I experienced a sort of physical revolution. My skin got a better color. My liver resumed its functions. I no longer had to arouse the bowels with cathartics. My headaches disappeared. "Nature did it," I reasoned. But, determined to push the investigation to the extreme, while I was in active work, I tried the effect of the remedy on my patients afflicted with kidney, liver and urinary diseases, watching every development carefully and studiously. Then I was completely disarmed, for the remedy stood every test imposed!

Under such convincing circumstances, the matter of confessing my cure became a question of conscience and of duty to humanity. "Here is a remedy," I said, "that has done for me what the best medical skill of the country could not accomplish"—and as an honorable man I will not suppress the facts. I therefore write you and most unhesitatingly assert that for all diseases of the kidneys, liver, stomach or urinary organs which are amenable to treatment, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure surpasses any remedy I have ever known or used, and since physicians have so much ill-success in the treatment of diseases of these organs, I am prepared to accept all the consequences when I say that they are, if conscientious, in duty bound to use this pure vegetable compound in their practice.

Yours very truly,
J. W. SMITH, M. D.

Statements so outspoken as the above and coming from such a reliable source are valuable beyond question. They conclusively show not only the power of the remedy which has become so well known and popular, but the great importance of attention in time to the first indications of declining health. When professional men of such high standing sink their prejudice and willingly declare their belief in that which they know to be valuable, the public may confidently follow their example.

Origin of "Excelsior."

One of the best known of all of Longfellow's shorter poems is "Excelsior." That one word happened to catch his eye one autumn eve in 1841 on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper, which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Charles Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As first written down, "Excelsior" differs from the perfected and published version, but it shows a rush and glow worthy of its author. The story of "Evangeline" was first suggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished him to found a romance on it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea and he handed it over to Longfellow, who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyl.—*James T. Fields.*

In the different packing establishments of Maine 750,000 cans of mackerel, 1,500,000 cans of lobsters and 250,000 cans of clams are put up annually.

The Chinese exhibit almost every known form of skin disease, and are also much subject to dyspepsia and lung affections; but their "favorite" disease, if it may be so called because of its prevalence, is rheumatism.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Seven prehistoric human skeletons, evidently belonging to the tertiary period, have been found in a cave at Steeten, on the Lahn. Important results are likely to follow this discovery.

Saved from Death.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 26, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—Your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has saved me from death from Bright's Disease. S. B. HEADINGTON.

TRAINING the hand and the eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

There is but one real cure for baldness—Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, a natural hair restorer. As recently improved, Carboline is free from any objection. The best hair dressing known.

"Buchupaiba."

Quick, complete cure for kidney affections, irritation, frequent or difficult urination. $1 at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

Have You Read It?

H. R. Stevens' book on ensilage, the preserving of green forage crops in silos, giving his own experience and the practical experience of twenty-five practical farmers; 120 pages, elegantly bound in cloth. Price 50 cents; sent by mail. Address H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN'S Brain Food—cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs, $1—all druggists. Send for Circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 319 First Av., N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef Cattle—Prime, live weight	9¾	@	10¾
Calves—Com'n to Choice Veals.	7	@	10
Sheep	6¾	@	7¾
Lambs	8	@	9
Hogs—Live	7	@	8¾
Dressed, city	8¾	@	9¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	5 20	@	8 00
Western, good to choice	5 30	@	8 50
Wheat—No. 2 Red, new	1 43	@	1 43½
No. 1 White, new	1 38	@	1 38¾
Rye—State	86	@	87
Barley—Two-rowed State	92	@	93
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	73½	@	73½
Yellow Southern	84	@	84
Oats—White State	59	@	63
Mixed Western	55	@	57
Hay—Prime Timothy	80	@	90
Straw—No. 1, Rye	65	@	70
Hops—State, 1881, choice	21	@	25
Pork—Mess, new, for export	17 50	@	17 62½
Lard—City Steam	10 75	@	10 75
Refined	11 25	@	11 25
Petroleum—Crude	7¾	@	7¾
Refined	8¼	@	8¼
Butter—State Creamery	35	@	42
Dairy	33	@	40
Western